CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

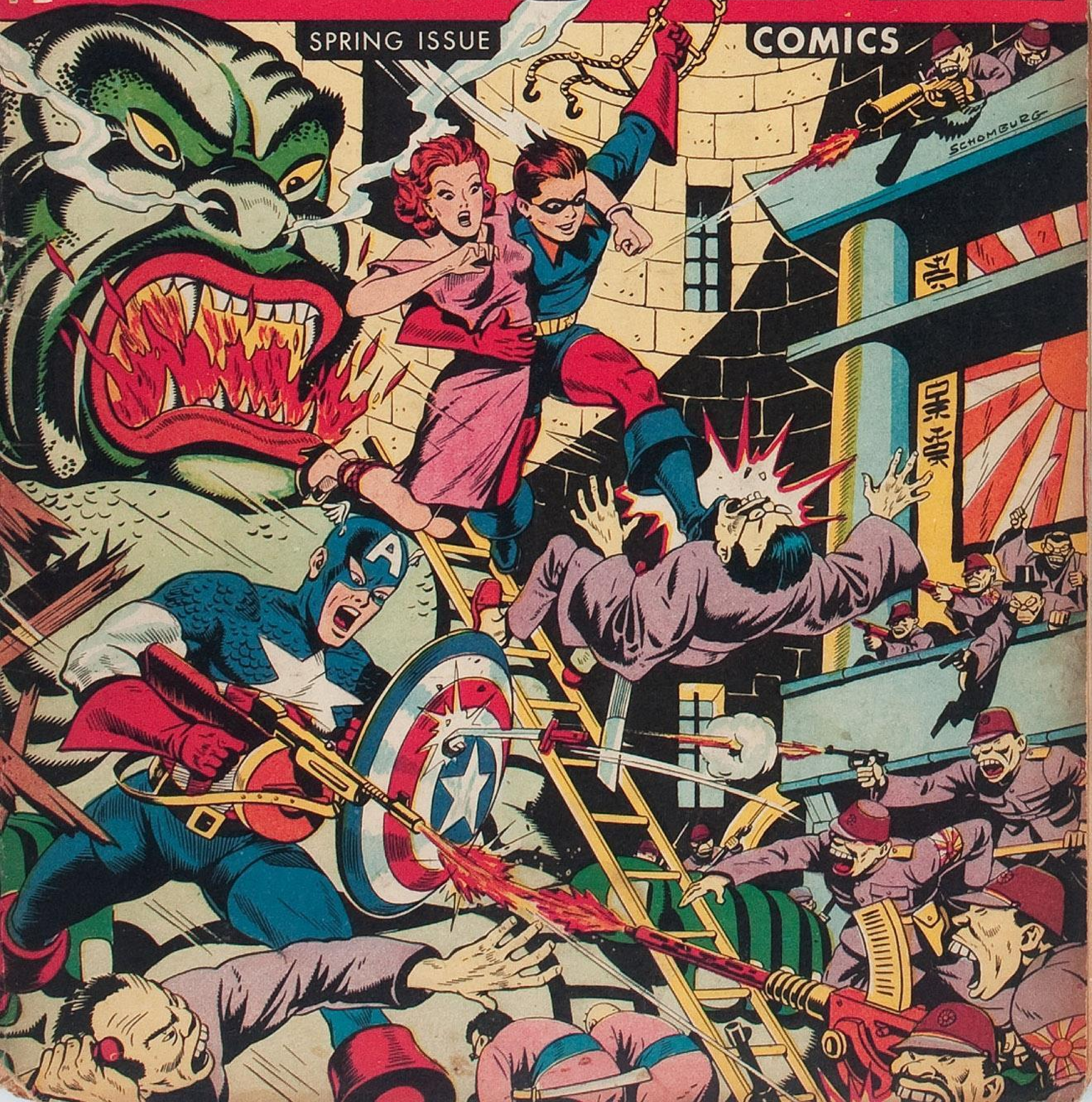
U.S.A

10¢

NO. 12

SPRING ISSUE

COMICS



BOY! IT'S SURE EASY TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS NOW!

I NEVER DID KNOW HOW TO WRITE TO MY GIRL!
LOOK, SERG! JUST READ THIS BOOK - IT TELLS YOU HOW!
WOW! THESE SURE ARE SOME LOVE LETTERS IN THIS BOOK!
WILL MARY BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE READS MY NEW LOVE LETTERS!

WHY, THIS IS WONDERFUL. IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LOVE LETTER THAT JIM EVER WROTE ME!

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No longer will your letters be dry, awkward and uninteresting. HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS shows you how the most common things can sound interesting—will help you express your personality in your letters. This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show just how to write letters from beginning to end. Included are scores of model love letters by world-famous people—lists of useful synonyms—common errors, and how to avoid them—the correct spelling of many catchy words—many other important letter-writing hints. And remember, with each book you receive ONE YEAR'S supply of Gold Monograms for your writing paper, FREE! Stravon Publishers, 342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

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How to make him (or her) miss you.
How to assure him (or her) of your faithfulness.
How to "break the ice."
How to tell your husband (or wife) those "little things" of love.
How to discourage the "too romantic" friend.
How to *propose* by letter.
How to make your sweetheart write more often.
How to write the girl you met on your day off.
How to "make up" with your sweetheart.
How to make everyday events sound interesting.

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HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS
R

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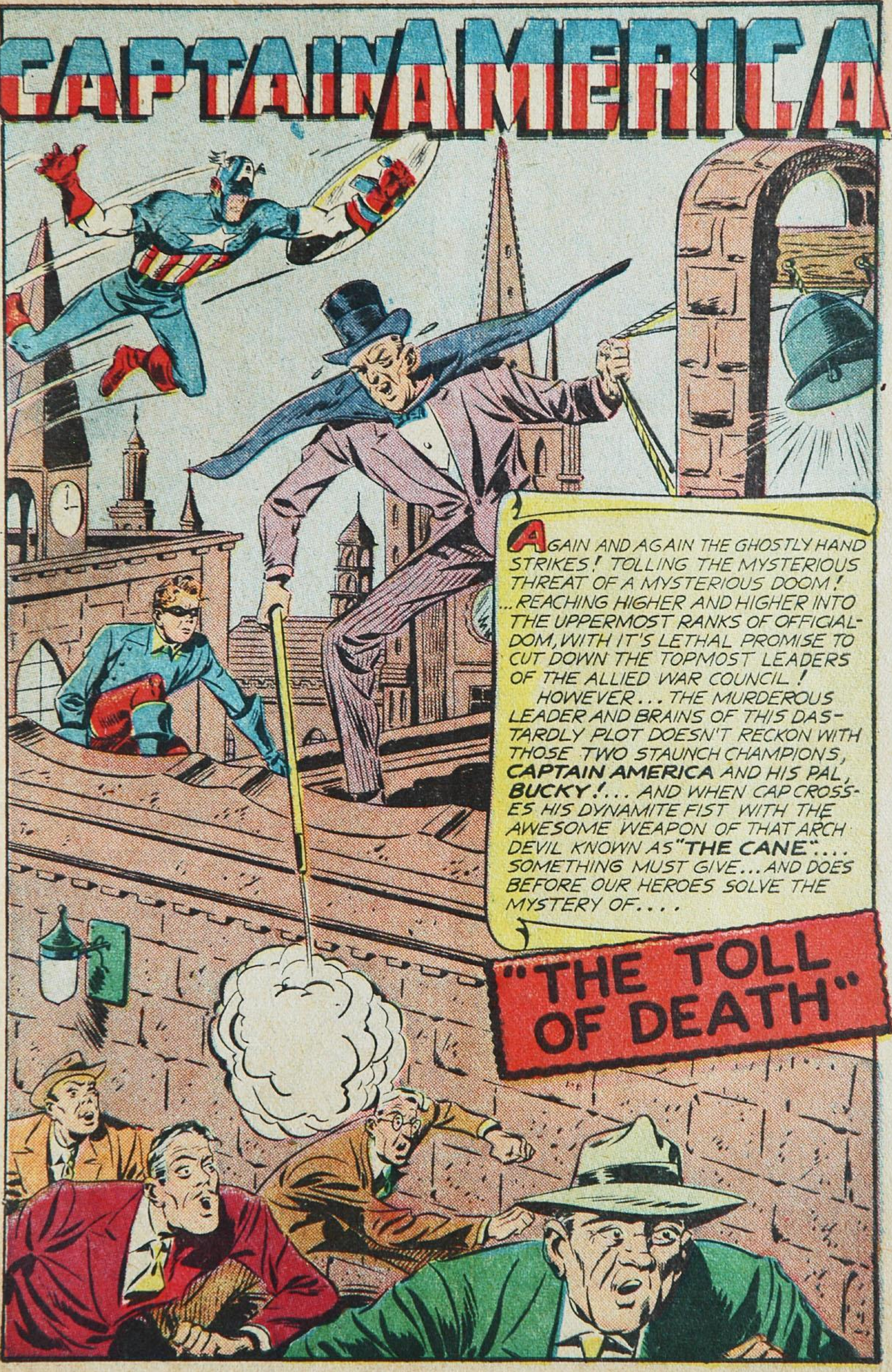
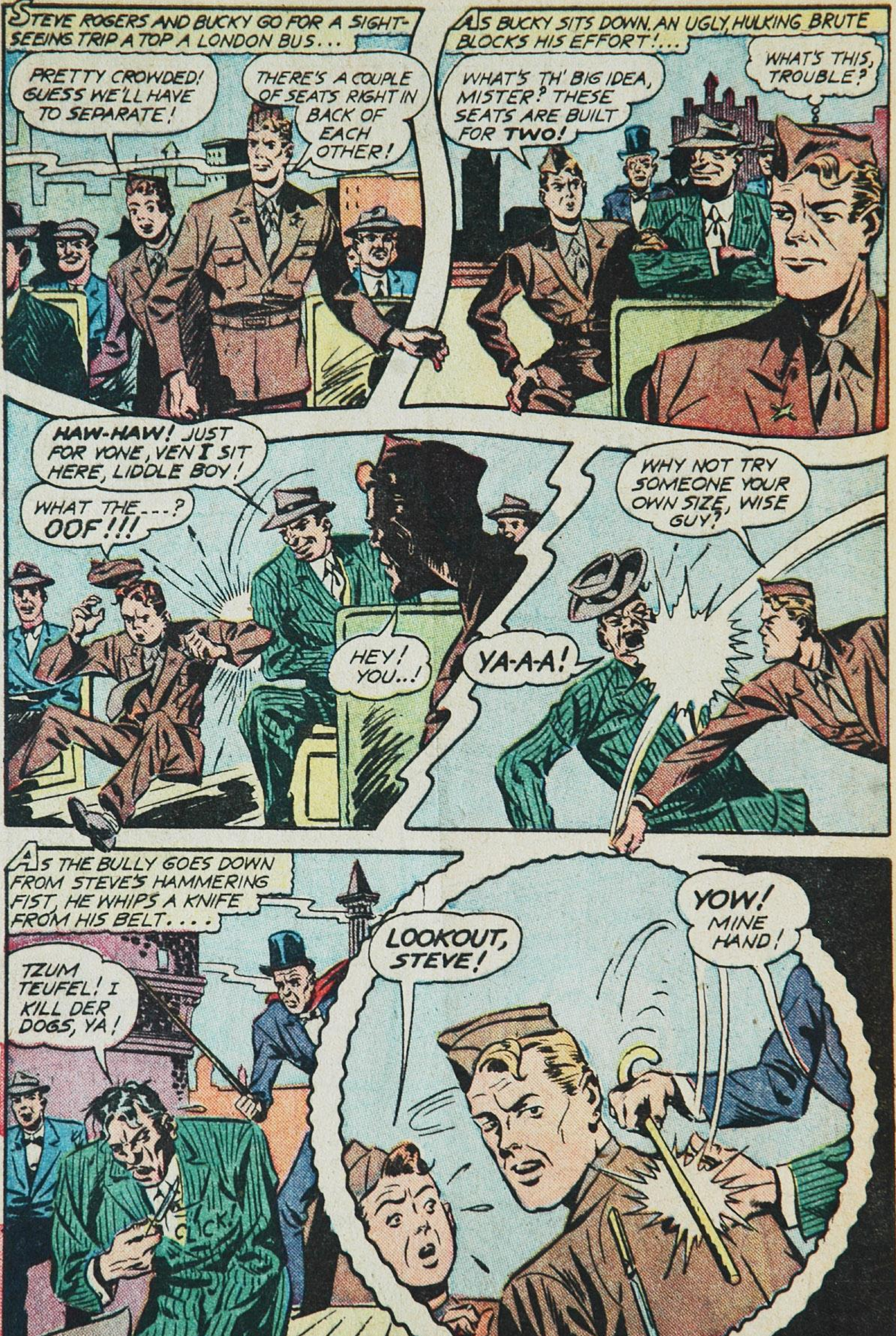

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE GHOSTLY HAND STRIKES! TOLLING THE MYSTERIOUS THREAT OF A MYSTERIOUS DOOM! ...REACHING HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE UPPERMOST RANKS OF OFFICIALDOM, WITH IT'S LETHAL PROMISE TO CUT DOWN THE TOPMOST LEADERS OF THE ALLIED WAR COUNCIL! HOWEVER... THE MURDEROUS LEADER AND BRAINS OF THIS DASTARDLY PLOT DOESN'T RECKON WITH THOSE TWO STAUNCH CHAMPIONS, **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND HIS PAL, **BUCKY**!... AND WHEN CAP CROSSES HIS DYNAMITE FIST WITH THE AWESOME WEAPON OF THAT ARCH DEVIL KNOWN AS "**THE CANE**".... SOMETHING MUST GIVE... AND DOES BEFORE OUR HEROES SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF....
"THE TOLL OF DEATH"


STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY GO FOR A SIGHT-SEEING TRIP A TOP A LONDON BUS...
PRETTY CROWDED! GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SEPARATE!
THERE'S A COUPLE OF SEATS RIGHT IN BACK OF EACH OTHER!
AS BUCKY SITS DOWN, AN UGLY, HULKING BRUTE BLOCKS HIS EFFORT!...
WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA, MISTER? THESE SEATS ARE BUILT FOR TWO!
WHAT'S THIS, TROUBLE?
HAW-HAW! JUST FOR VONE, VEN I SIT HERE, LIDDLE BOY!
WHAT THE---? OOF!!!
HEY! YOU..!
WHY NOT TRY SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, WISE GUY?
YA-A-A!
AS THE BULLY GOES DOWN FROM STEVE'S HAMMERING FIST, HE WHIPS A KNIFE FROM HIS BELT...
TZUM TEUFEL! I KILL DER DOGS, YA!
CLICK
LOOKOUT, STEVE!
YOW! MINE HAND!

HE'S GETTING AWAY! OUTTA THE WAY, MISTER!!
OH-H!-- DEAR ME---
THANK YOU, SIR!
YOU ARE VERY WELCOME!
AGAIN, STEVE AND BUCKY'S PURSUIT OF THE KNIFE WIELDER IS BLOCKED, BUT THIS TIME BY A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL!
HUH?
OH, PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME GO UP TO THE TOP! THE CATHEDRAL BELLS WILL RING OUT ANY SECOND! PLEASE!
UH--OF COURSE, MISS--
THE GIRL FIGHTS HER WAY PAST THE TWO WONDERING AMERICANS AND REACHES THE TOP DECK!
SIR SIDNEY, YOU--- UH-- OH!!
ER?-- ER--- MY WORD!
WOW! SHE SURE IS IN A HURRY!
BELLS! WONDER WHAT SHE MEANT?
BY THIS TIME CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HAVE LOST THEIR QUARRY---
HE'S NOT AROUND ANY-WHERE NOW, CAP----
IPSWICH
DRINK BOVRIL
GUESS HE GOT AWAY! MAY AS WELL GO BACK UP! HEY, STEVE! LOOKA THAT DAME!!
MUST MEAN THE CATHEDRAL WE'RE JUST PASSING--
RAHLLY, YOUNG WOMAN--YOU'RE MAKING A GREAT MISTAKE!
SIR, SIDNEY! HURRY--- BEFORE THE BELLS-
SHE'S TRYING TO GET AT THE MAN IN THE DERBY!
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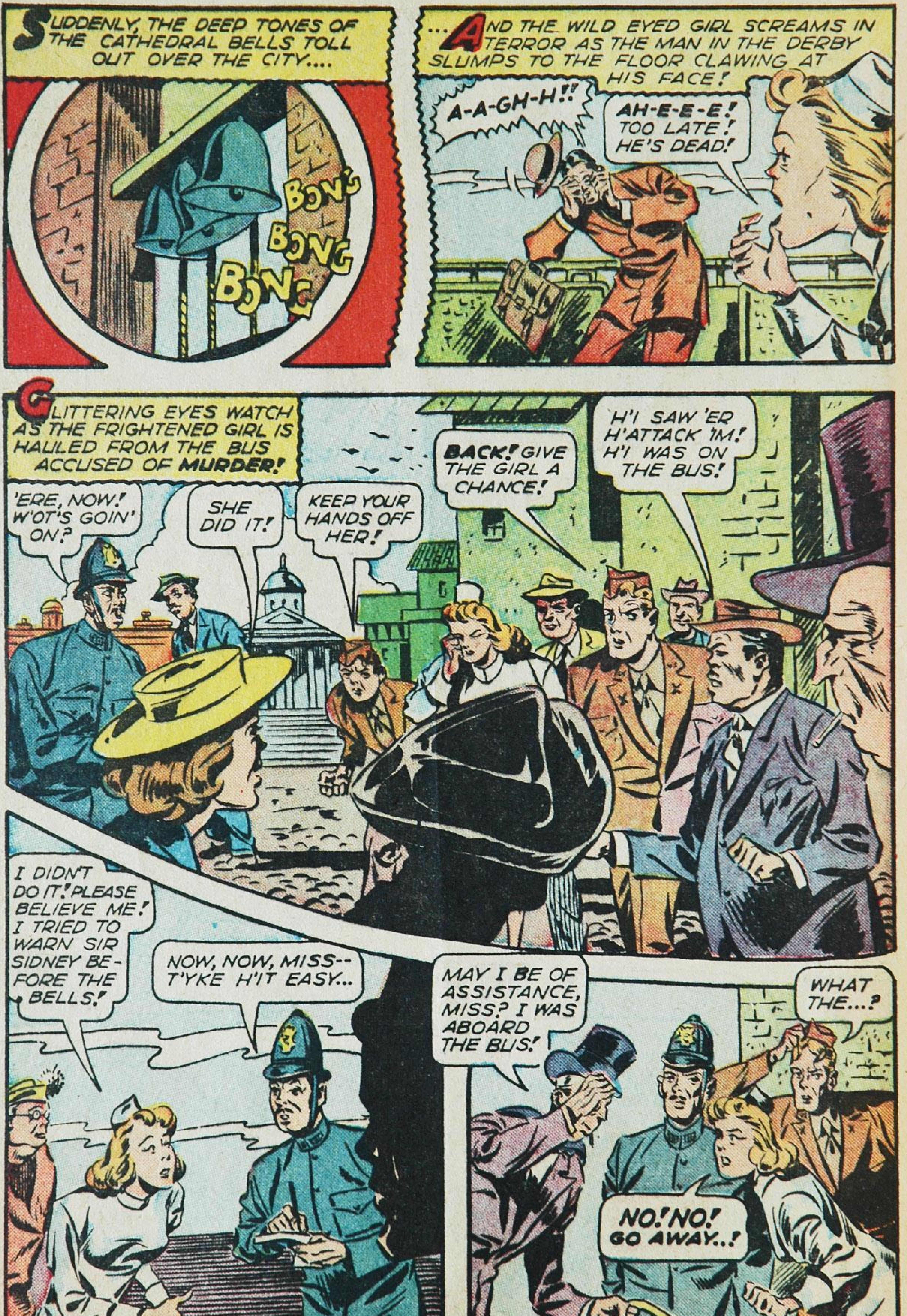
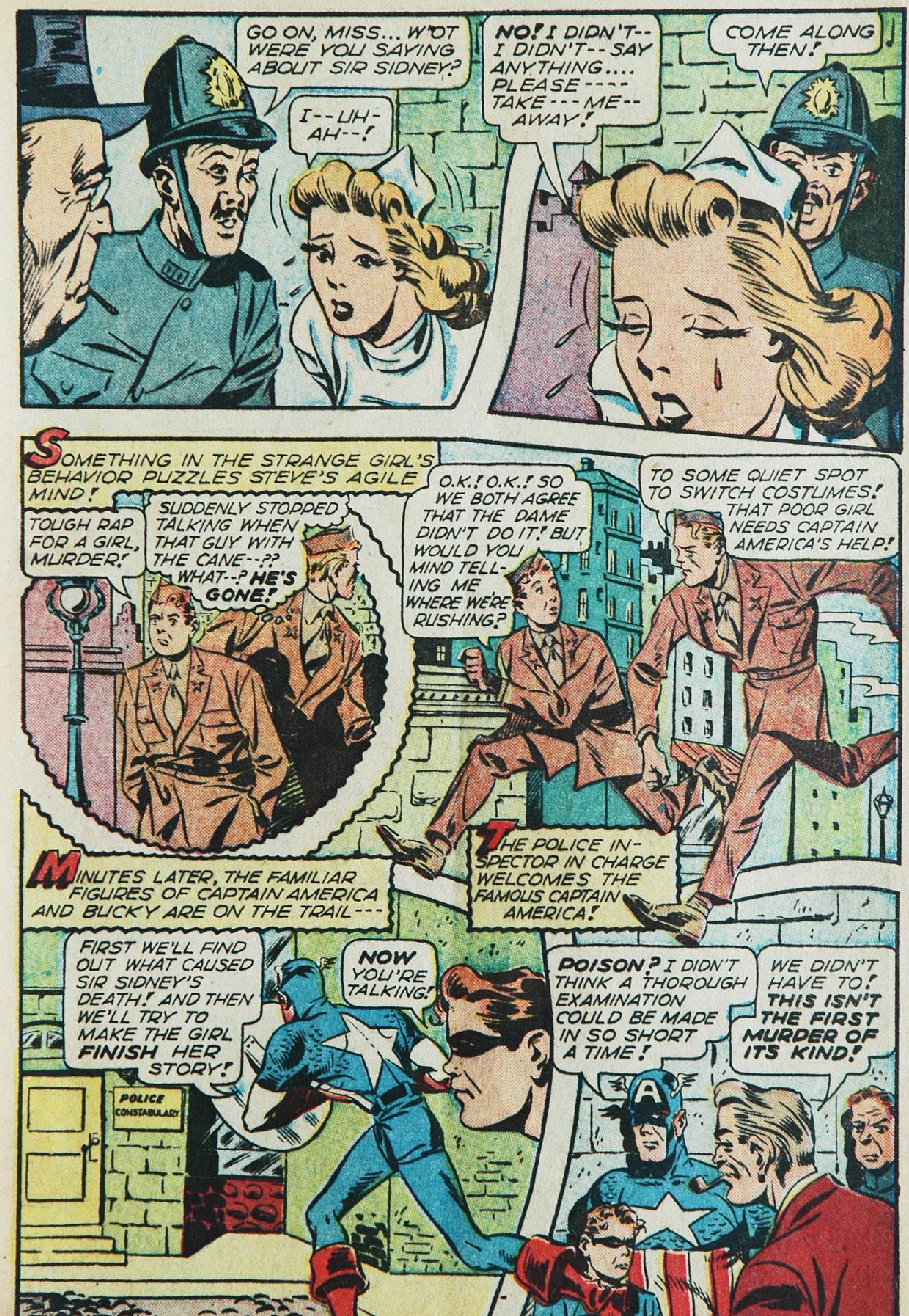

SUDDENLY, THE DEEP TONES OF THE CATHEDRAL BELLS TOLL OUT OVER THE CITY....
BONG
BONG
BONG
...AND THE WILD EYED GIRL SCREAMS IN TERROR AS THE MAN IN THE DERBY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR CLAWING AT HIS FACE!
A-A-GH-H!!
AH-E-E-E! TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD!
GLITTERING EYES WATCH AS THE FRIGHTENED GIRL IS HAULED FROM THE BUS ACCUSED OF MURDER!
'ERE, NOW! W'OT'S GOIN' ON?
SHE DID IT!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HER!
BACK! GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE!
H'I SAW 'ER H'ATTACK 'IM! H'I WAS ON THE BUS!
I DIDN'T DO IT! PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I TRIED TO WARN SIR SIDNEY BEFORE THE BELLS!
NOW, NOW, MISS-- T'YKE H'IT EASY...
MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE, MISS? I WAS ABOARD THE BUS!
WHAT THE...?
NO! NO! GO AWAY..!


GO ON, MISS... W'OT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT SIR SIDNEY?
I--UH-AH--!
NO! I DIDN'T--I DIDN'T--SAY ANYTHING.... PLEASE---- TAKE---ME--AWAY!
COME ALONG THEN!
SOMETHING IN THE STRANGE GIRL'S BEHAVIOR PUZZLES STEVE'S AGILE MIND!
TOUGH RAP FOR A GIRL, MURDER!
SUDDENLY STOPPED TALKING WHEN THAT GUY WITH THE CANE--?? WHAT--? HE'S GONE!
O.K.! O.K.! SO WE BOTH AGREE THAT THE DAME DIDN'T DO IT! BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHERE WE'RE RUSHING?
TO SOME QUIET SPOT TO SWITCH COSTUMES! THAT POOR GIRL NEEDS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S HELP!
MINUTES LATER, THE FAMILIAR FIGURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE ON THE TRAIL---
THE POLICE INSPECTOR IN CHARGE WELCOMES THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
FIRST WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED SIR SIDNEY'S DEATH! AND THEN WE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE GIRL FINISH HER STORY!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
POLICE CONSTABULARY
POISON? I DIDN'T THINK A THOROUGH EXAMINATION COULD BE MADE IN SO SHORT A TIME!
WE DIDN'T HAVE TO! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST MURDER OF ITS KIND!
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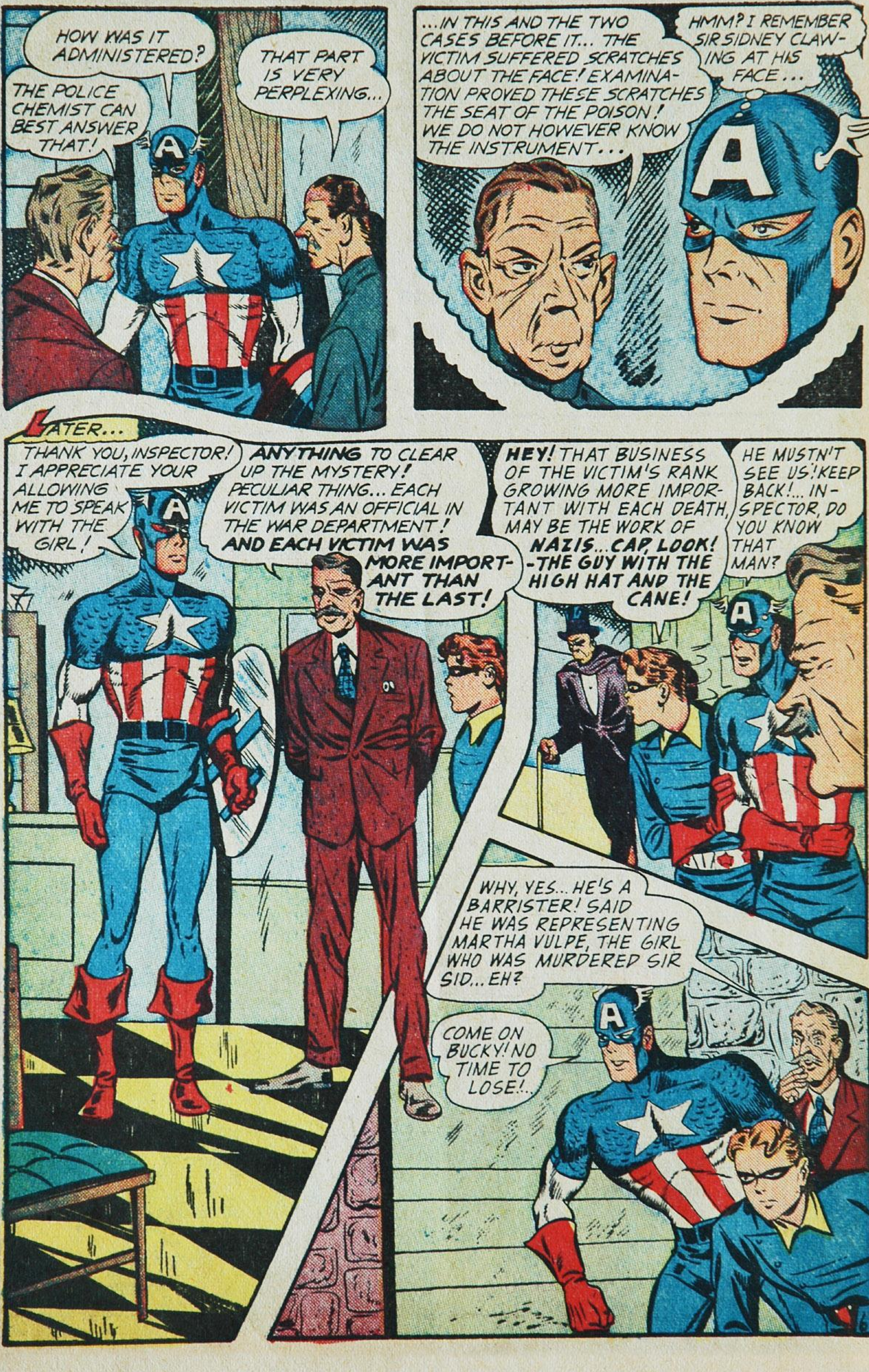
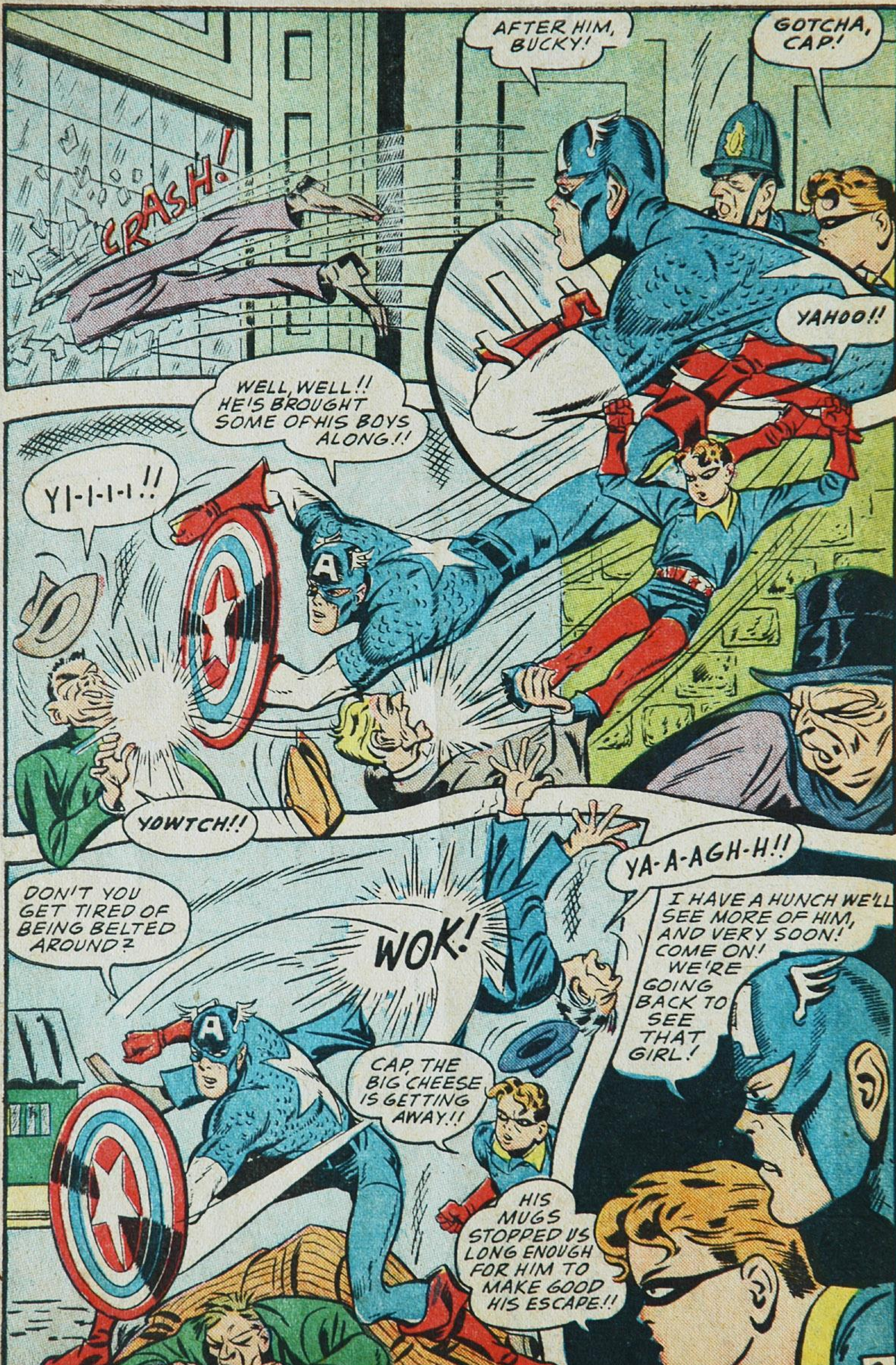
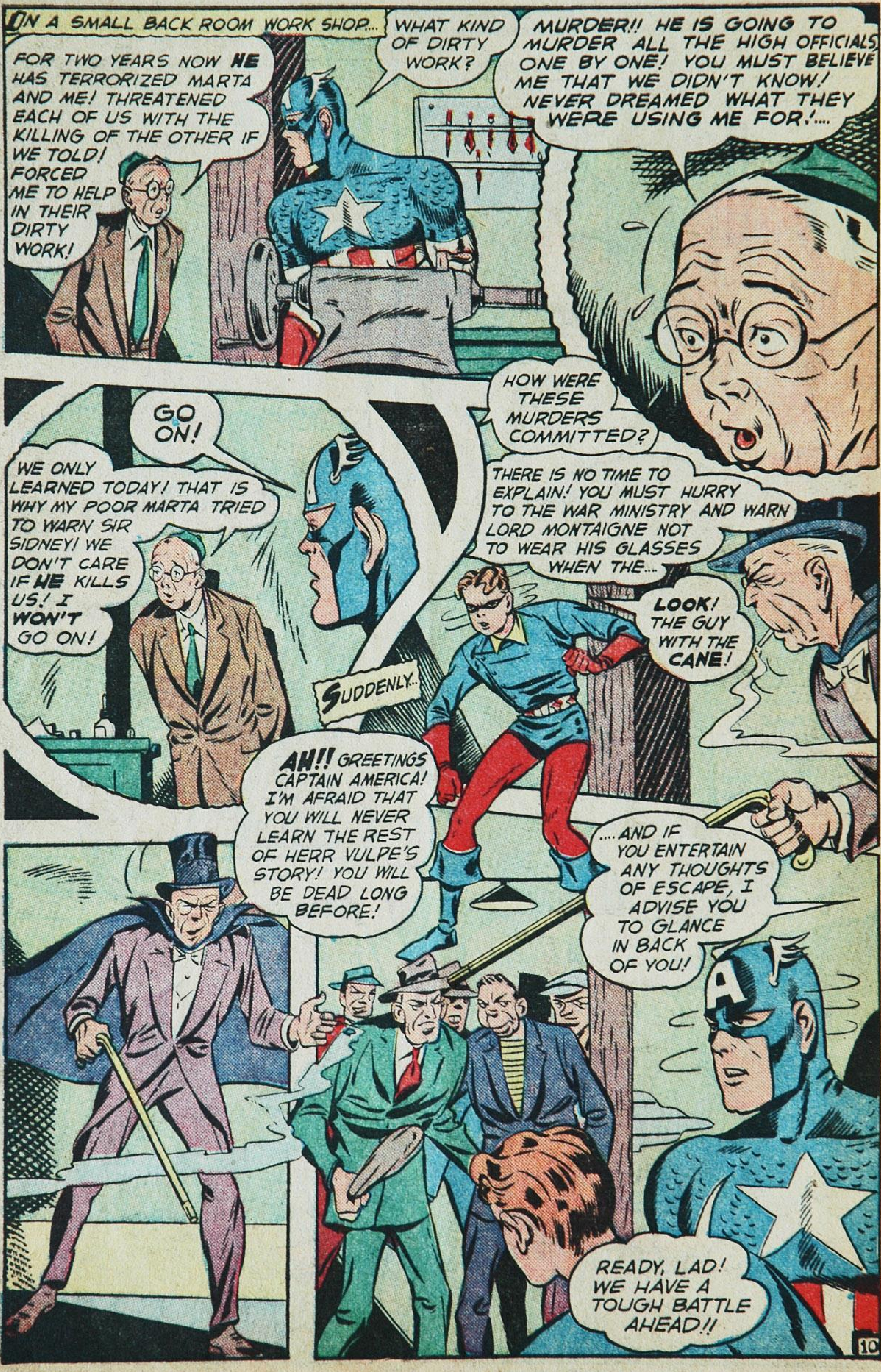

HOW WAS IT ADMINISTERED?
THE POLICE CHEMIST CAN BEST ANSWER THAT!
THAT PART IS VERY PERPLEXING...
...IN THIS AND THE TWO CASES BEFORE IT... THE VICTIM SUFFERED SCRATCHES ABOUT THE FACE! EXAMINATION PROVED THESE SCRATCHES THE SEAT OF THE POISON! WE DO NOT HOWEVER KNOW THE INSTRUMENT...
HMM? I REMEMBER SIR SIDNEY CLAWING AT HIS FACE...
LATER...
THANK YOU, INSPECTOR! I APPRECIATE YOUR ALLOWING ME TO SPEAK WITH THE GIRL!
ANYTHING TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY! PECULIAR THING... EACH VICTIM WAS AN OFFICIAL IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT! **AND EACH VICTIM WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE LAST!**
HEY! THAT BUSINESS OF THE VICTIM'S RANK GROWING MORE IMPORTANT WITH EACH DEATH, MAY BE THE WORK OF **NAZIS...CAP, LOOK! -THE GUY WITH THE HIGH HAT AND THE CANE!**
HE MUSTN'T SEE US! KEEP BACK!... INSPECTOR, DO YOU KNOW THAT MAN?
WHY, YES... HE'S A BARRISTER! SAID HE WAS REPRESENTING MARTHA VULPE, THE GIRL WHO WAS MURDERED SIR SID... EH?
COME ON BUCKY! NO TIME TO LOSE!...

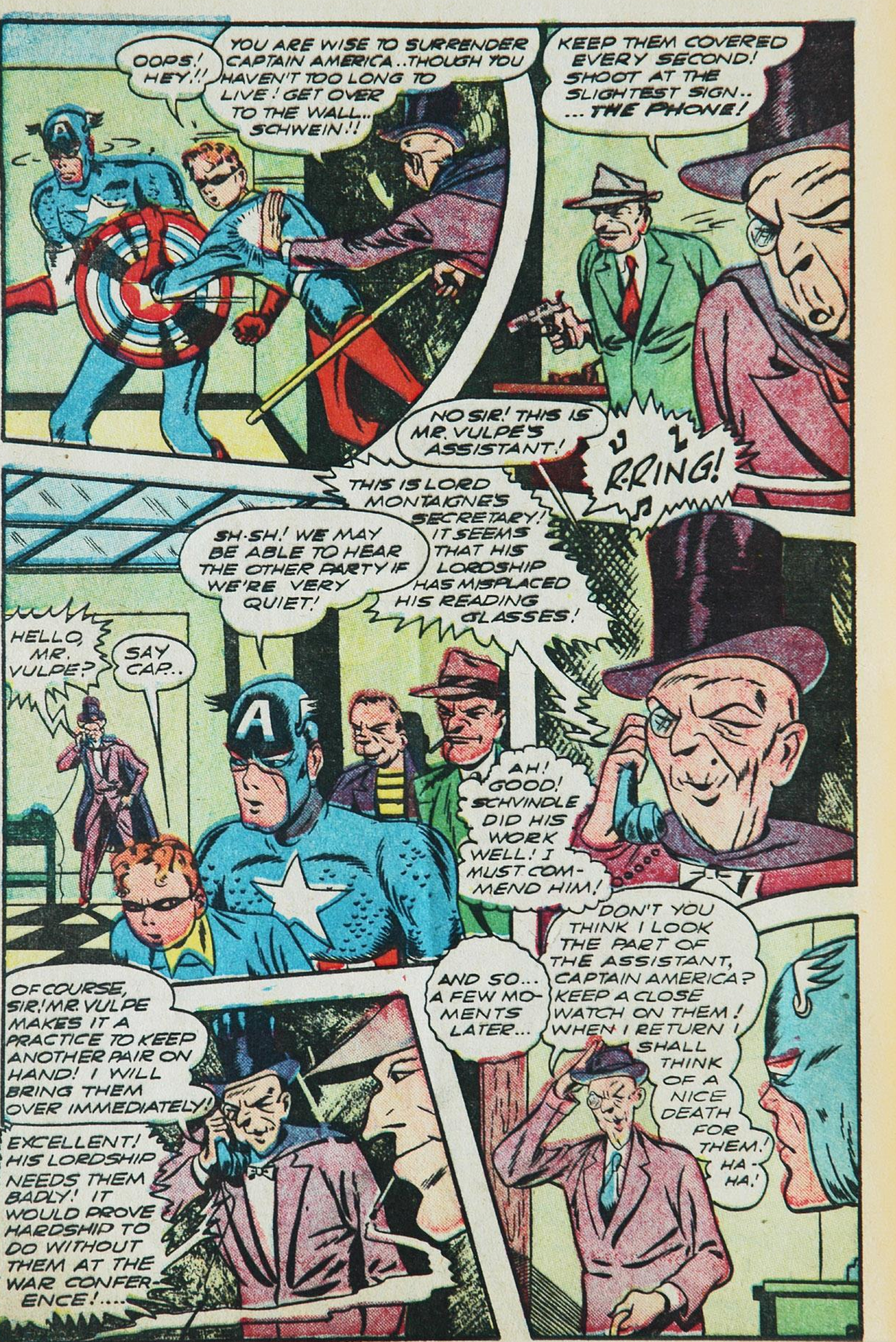
NO! PLEASE DON'T HARM HIM! I SWEAR I HAVEN'T TOLD! PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM! PLEASE!
YOU BOTH SHALL DIE FOR YOUR ATTEMPT TO WARN SIR SID---TZUM TEUFEL!! CAPTAIN AMERICA!!
SOME SIXTH SENSE WARNS CAPTAIN AMERICA AS "THE CANE" WHIRLS AND LEVELS HIS WALKING STICK AT THEM
HA, HA, DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LOOKOUT, BUCKY!
UGH!
BANG!
HEY! WHAT TH.. W-WOOF!
WOW! THAT MUG HAS A GUN IN THAT CANE OF HIS!
THE BLIGHTER WINGED ME!!
THERE HE GOES THRU THAT DOOR!
BAH!
'ERE, NOW..!
NO! HE'S GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW!
'EY!
OUCH!
OUT OF MY WAY, FOOLS!
WE GOT HIM!! HE'S TRAPPED!


CRASH!
AFTER HIM, BUCKY!
GOTCHA, CAP!
YAHOO!!
WELL, WELL!! HE'S BROUGHT SOME OF HIS BOYS ALONG!!
YI-I-I-I!!
YOWTCH!!
YA-A-AGH-H!!
DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF BEING BELTED AROUND?
WOK!
CAP, THE BIG CHEESE IS GETTING AWAY!!
HIS MUGS STOPPED US LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO MAKE GOOD HIS ESCAPE!!
I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL SEE MORE OF HIM, AND VERY SOON! COME ON! WE'RE GOING BACK TO SEE THAT GIRL!

BACK IN THE GIRL'S CELL!
SHE'S IN A COMA! ...BE HOURS BEFORE SHE IS ABLE TO SPEAK!
HOURS, EH? MUCH COULD HAPPEN IN THAT TIME! COME ON, BUCKY, WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE SHE LIVES FROM THE POLICE RECORD!
PIPE THAT NAME ON THE SIGN--SAME AS THE GIRL'S!
OPTOMETRIST, EH?
JOHANNES VULPE OPTOMETRIST
THIS BABY MUST BE A NAZI--JUDGING FROM HIS NAME!
PERHAPS! THIS LITTLE SIGN IS VERY INTERESTING! IN WE GO!
J. VULPE prop.
ESTABLISHED 1904 by Special Appointment to the ROYAL CROWN
MR. VULPE?? HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER, "MARTA"?
YES...?? ACH! WHAT HAPPENED? TELL ME, QUICK!!
HE--DID IT!! MY POOR MARTA!
EASY! EASY THERE!!
WE ARE HERE TO HELP! YOU MUST TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW!
YES! YES! I WILL TELL! BUT NOT HERE! COME!!


IN A SMALL BACK ROOM WORK SHOP...
FOR TWO YEARS NOW HE HAS TERRORIZED MARTA AND ME! THREATENED EACH OF US WITH THE KILLING OF THE OTHER IF WE TOLD! FORCED ME TO HELP IN THEIR DIRTY WORK!
WHAT KIND OF DIRTY WORK?
MURDER!! HE IS GOING TO MURDER ALL THE HIGH OFFICIALS ONE BY ONE! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW! NEVER DREAMED WHAT THEY WERE USING ME FOR!....
GO ON!
WE ONLY LEARNED TODAY! THAT IS WHY MY POOR MARTA TRIED TO WARN SIR SIDNEY! WE DON'T CARE IF HE KILLS US! I WON'T GO ON!
HOW WERE THESE MURDERS COMMITTED?
THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! YOU MUST HURRY TO THE WAR MINISTRY AND WARN LORD MONTAIGNE NOT TO WEAR HIS GLASSES WHEN THE....
SUDDENLY...
LOOK! THE GUY WITH THE CANE!
AH!! GREETINGS CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'M AFRAID THAT YOU WILL NEVER LEARN THE REST OF HERR VULPE'S STORY! YOU WILL BE DEAD LONG BEFORE!
....AND IF YOU ENTERTAIN ANY THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE, I ADVISE YOU TO GLANCE IN BACK OF YOU!
READY, LAD! WE HAVE A TOUGH BATTLE AHEAD!!

AT CAP'S SIGNAL, BUCKY LET'S OUT HIS EERY WAR CRY AND THE TWO COURAGEOUS AMERICANS LAUNCH A DEVASTING ATTACK....
YEOW!!
MAKE EVERY BLOW COUNT BUCKY!!
POW!
WAHOO!!
YAIH-E-E!!
WOOF!!
RIGHTO! SOON AS I CROWN THIS BABY QUEEN OF THE MAY!! OUCH! WHAT THE??
BAM!
CRACK!
SURRENDER, CAPTAIN AMERICA OR YOUR COMPANION DIES!
KEEP YOUR EYE ON OUR FRIEND WITH THE CANE, BUCKY!! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIS RATS!
NO! DON'T! CAP! CALL HIS BLUFF!!
(GROAN) I CAN'T LAD! HE WOULDN'T HESITATE TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!!


OOPS! HEY!!
YOU ARE WISE TO SURRENDER CAPTAIN AMERICA..THOUGH YOU HAVEN'T TOO LONG TO LIVE! GET OVER TO THE WALL... SCHWEIN!!
KEEP THEM COVERED EVERY SECOND! SHOOT AT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN.. ...THE PHONE!
R-RING!
HELLO, MR. VULPE?
NO SIR! THIS IS MR. VULPE'S ASSISTANT!
THIS IS LORD MONTAIGNE'S SECRETARY! IT SEEMS THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAS MISPLACED HIS READING GLASSES!
SAY CAP..
SH-SH! WE MAY BE ABLE TO HEAR THE OTHER PARTY IF WE'RE VERY QUIET!
AH! GOOD! SCHVINDLE DID HIS WORK WELL! I MUST COMMEND HIM!
OF COURSE, SIR! MR. VULPE MAKES IT A PRACTICE TO KEEP ANOTHER PAIR ON HAND! I WILL BRING THEM OVER IMMEDIATELY!
EXCELLENT! HIS LORDSHIP NEEDS THEM BADLY! IT WOULD PROVE HARDSHIP TO DO WITHOUT THEM AT THE WAR CONFERENCE!....
AND SO... A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
DON'T YOU THINK I LOOK THE PART OF THE ASSISTANT, CAPTAIN AMERICA? KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THEM! WHEN I RETURN I SHALL THINK OF A NICE DEATH FOR THEM! HA-HA!

IN EXACTLY TWENTY FIVE MINUTES, LORD MONTAIGNE WILL BE DEAD! AND AFTER HIM THE UNDERSECRETARY AND UP-UP-UP! HA-HA! UNTIL **ALL** THE BRAINS OF THE WAR COUNCIL ARE DEAD!!
NOW VE VAIT TILL DER "CANE" GETS BACK!!
BUT HOW CAN THE READING GLASSES KILL HIIM?
I'LL TELL YOU HOW!
HMM? TWENTY FIVE MINUTES? ON THE HOUR?....
WE MUST SAVE HIM! IT'S.... **THE CHIMES OF THE CATHEDRAL!** WHEN THEY SOUND AT FOUR O'CLOCK.... **OW!!**
QVIET! YOU VERFLUCHT **DOG!**
WOK!
HEY!!
BACK! OR VE SHOOT!!
CATHEDRAL BELLS?? READING GLASSES?? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?.... I THOUGHT IT WAS POISON!!
I THINK I HAVE IT BUCKY! WE MUST TAKE A CHANCE AND RUSH THEM! WATCH FOR THE SIGNAL!!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT... WHILE CAP IS WATCHING HIS CHANCE... ANOTHER BRAVE MAN IS PLANNING A DESPERATE MOVE TO HALT ANOTHER MURDER!!
THEY'RE NOT WATCHING ME! THIS IS MY CHANCE! I'LL GET UNDER THE WORK BENCH AND THEN....
A
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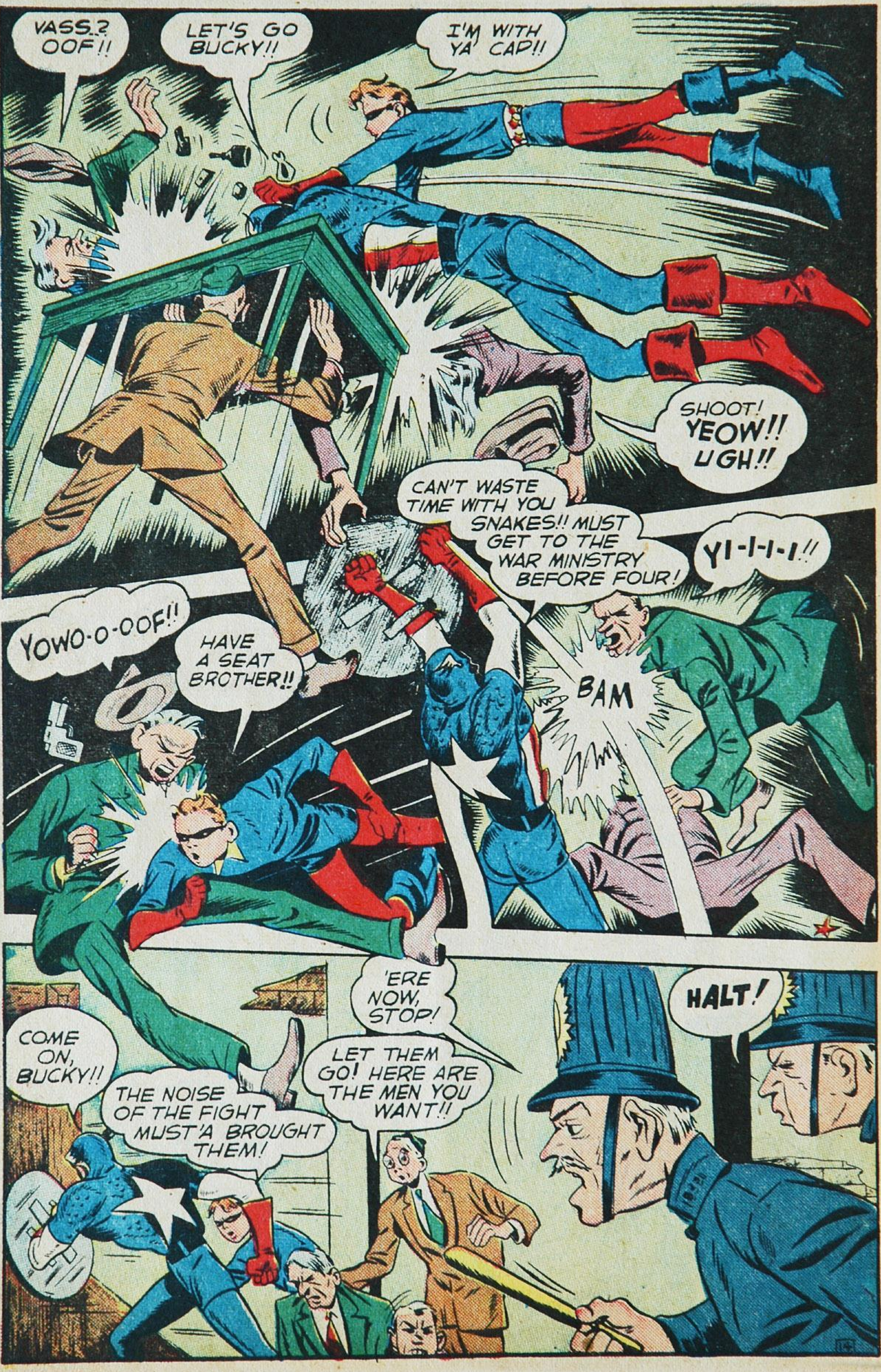

VASS..? OOF!!
LET'S GO BUCKY!!
I'M WITH YA' CAP!!
SHOOT! YEOW!! UGH!!
CAN'T WASTE TIME WITH YOU SNAKES!! MUST GET TO THE WAR MINISTRY BEFORE FOUR!
YI-I-I-I!!
YOWO-O-OOF!!
HAVE A SEAT BROTHER!!
BAM
COME ON, BUCKY!!
THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT MUST'A BROUGHT THEM!
'ERE NOW, STOP!
LET THEM GO! HERE ARE THE MEN YOU WANT!!
HALT!

BLIMEY!! H'IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THE WAR MINISTRY AS FAST AS YOU CAN! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
252-E17
H'IMPOSSIBLE GUVNER! MINISTRY'S H'AT THE H'OTHER H'END OF TOWN! NEVER MAKE HIT IN 18 MINUTES!!
(GROAN) MAYBE WE CAN CALL BY TELEPHONE!
NO GOOD! THEY WOULDN'T DISTURB A WAR CONFERENCE!! GIVE ME THAT WHEEL!
WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AT THE WHEEL, THE TAXI SPEEDS WILDLY THROUGH LONDON IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE LORD MONTAIGNE....
BLIMEY! H'I NEVER KNEW THE OLD 'ACK 'AD H'IT H'IN 'ER!
252-E17
MEANWHILE
HA! FIVE MINUTES MORE! THIS TIME I'LL BE THERE TO SEE HOW MY DEATH WORKS IN PERSON!
WAR MINISTRY
YOUR LORDSHIP! THE MAN IS HERE WITH THE NEW GLASSES AND INSISTS ON DELIVERING THEM IN PERSON!
DASH IT ALL! SEND HIM IN! I'M AS BLIND AS A BAT WITHOUT THEM! SEND HIM IN!
AT YOUR SERVICE M'LORD!
THANK YOU, MY MAN! NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH THE WORK ON HAND!
THIRTY SECONDS MORE AND HE DIES!!

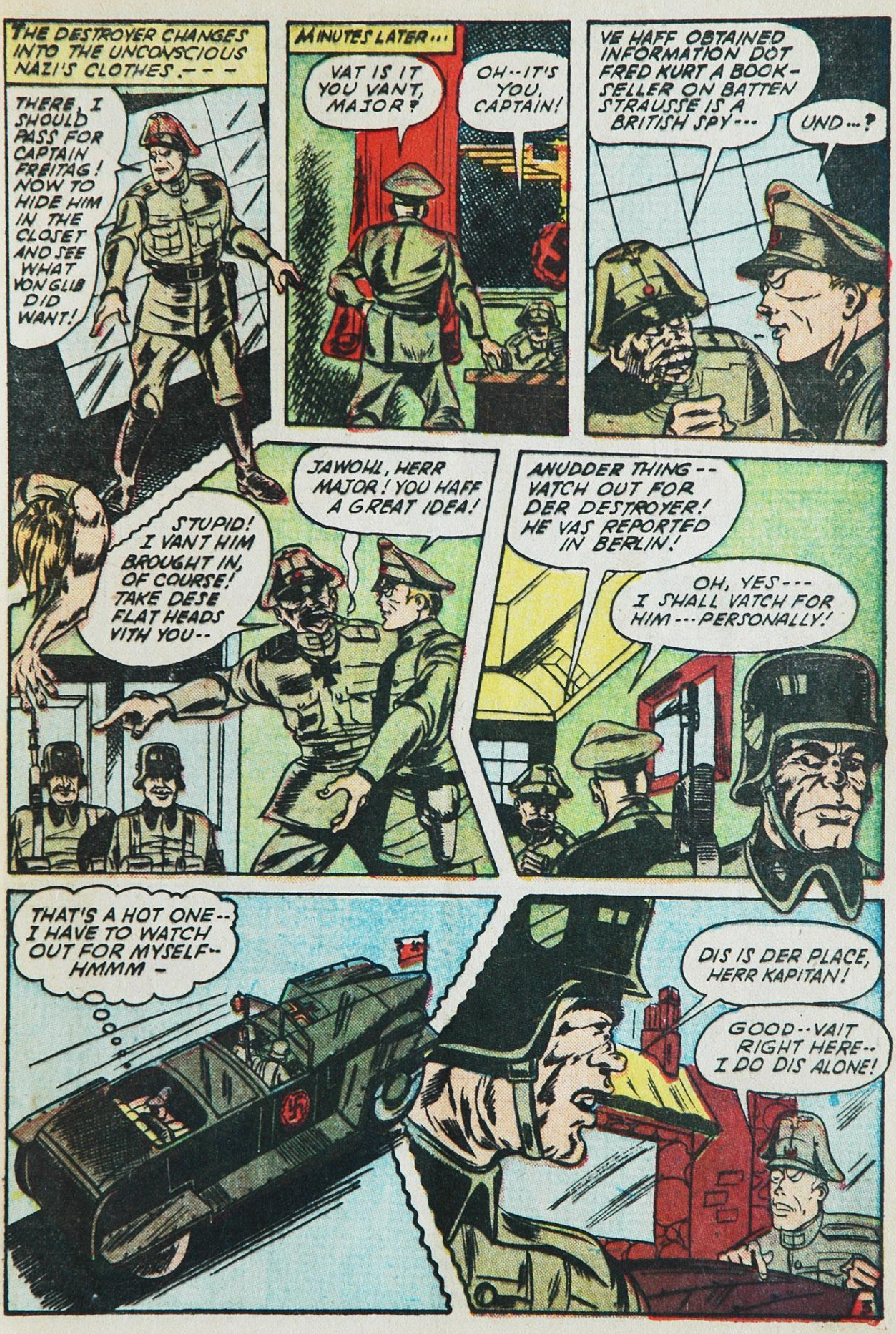
IN THE CATHEDRAL NOT FAR OFF!
IT IS TIME FOR THE CHIMES, WILLIAM!
YES, YOUR REVERENCE... 20 SECONDS MORE!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT CAP AND BUCKY REACH THE MINISTRY!
'ERE! YOU CAHN'T GO IN THERE! OOPS!
SORRY! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
HEY SOLDIER HOLD IT!
STOP OR I SHOOT!
CAN'T STOP NOW!
GO ON, CAP! I'LL COVER YOU! HEY! DON'T SHOOT! THAT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAPTAIN WHO?
RAT-TAT-TAT
HOPE I'M RIGHT ABOUT THE CONFERENCE ROOM BEING ON THIS FLOOR! AH, THERE IT IS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, CHUM!! LET'S FOLLOW HIM! WE'LL BE NEEDING YOU!
CONFERENCE ROOM
AND AT THE MOMENT THAT CAP RACES TOWARD THE CONFERENCE ROOM, THE HAND OF THE BELL RINGER REACHES FOR THE DANGLING ROPE THAT WILL SOUND THE BELLS! AND WITH IT THE DOOM OF THE UNSUSPECTING LORD MONTAIGNE!

CAP'S POWERFUL PLUNGE CARRIES HIM THRU THE DOOR BOWLING OVER THE "CANE WHO IS ABOUT TO EXIT!
LORD MONTAIGNE.. YOUR GLASSES...
BOP!
WOOF!
DESPERATE FINGERS FLASH TOWARD THE STARTLED FACE OF LORD MONTAIGNE....
THE CLOCK IS STRIKING FOUR!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG
AND RIP OFF THE GLASSES THAT SHATTER INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AS THE DEEP TONES OF THE CATHEDRAL BELLS TOLLS!
DING DONG
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!!
CAP, IN BRINGING DOWN THE MURDEROUS "CANE CRASHES INTO THE OPEN DOOR!!
YOU MUST DIE LORD MONTAIGNE.... OOF!!
BANG!
NOT QUITE!! OW!
BACK, ALL OF YOU!! HA! HA! FIRST THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA DIES! THEN IT IS YOUR TURN, MONTAIGNE!
GREAT CAESAR! THAT STICK IS A WEAPON!

AS THE ARCH MURDERER PREPARES TO PULL THE TRIGGER OF HIS CANE GUN, BUCKY AND THE GUARD BURST INTO THE ROOM!!
DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA---AHGGG!
CAP! CAP! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!
OUCH! MY HEAD!
A BARKING GUN TOLLS THE DOOM OF "THE CANE" WHO TOPPLES BACK FROM HIS PERCH ON THE SILL, CRASHING THRU THE GLASS....
AH-H-G! MY SCHEME.... VERFLUCHTE CAPTAIN AMERICA! HE SPOILED... ALL ....AH-G-...
CRASH!
RAT TAT TAT
AND PLUNGES DOWN THRU SPACE-WITH A SCREAM OF TERROR WRUNG FROM DYING LIPS....
AH-E-E-E-E-E-!!!
LATER....
WOW! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THOSE OTHER DEATHS WERE CAUSED BY THE BELLS RINGING? WHAT ABOUT POISON? WHERE DOES THAT COME IN?
VULPE AND HIS DAUGHTER WILL STRAIGHTEN US OUT ON THAT POINT! COME ON!
"THE CANE" WAS FATHER'S ASSISTANT IN GERMANY, MANY YEARS AGO! FATHER TAUGHT AT BERLIN UNIVERSITY!
AT THAT TIME, WAS PERFECTING A THEORY THAT CERTAIN MUSICAL VIBRATIONS COULD SHATTER GLASS! AND MY EXPERIMENTS WERE SUCCESSFUL!
THE CANE REMEMBERED THIS AND CAME TO FATHER TWO YEARS AGO, KEPT US PRISONER AND FORCED HIM TO CREATE LENSES THAT WOULD SHATTER AT THE SOUND OF THE CATHEDRAL BELLS!
AND THE POISION?
WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE CANE HAD INFECTED THE LENSES..MARTA DISCOVERED THIS! THE POISON WAS SO STRONG, WHEN THE BELLS CRACKED THE GLASSES, THE POISON WOULD KILL INSTANTLY!
The End

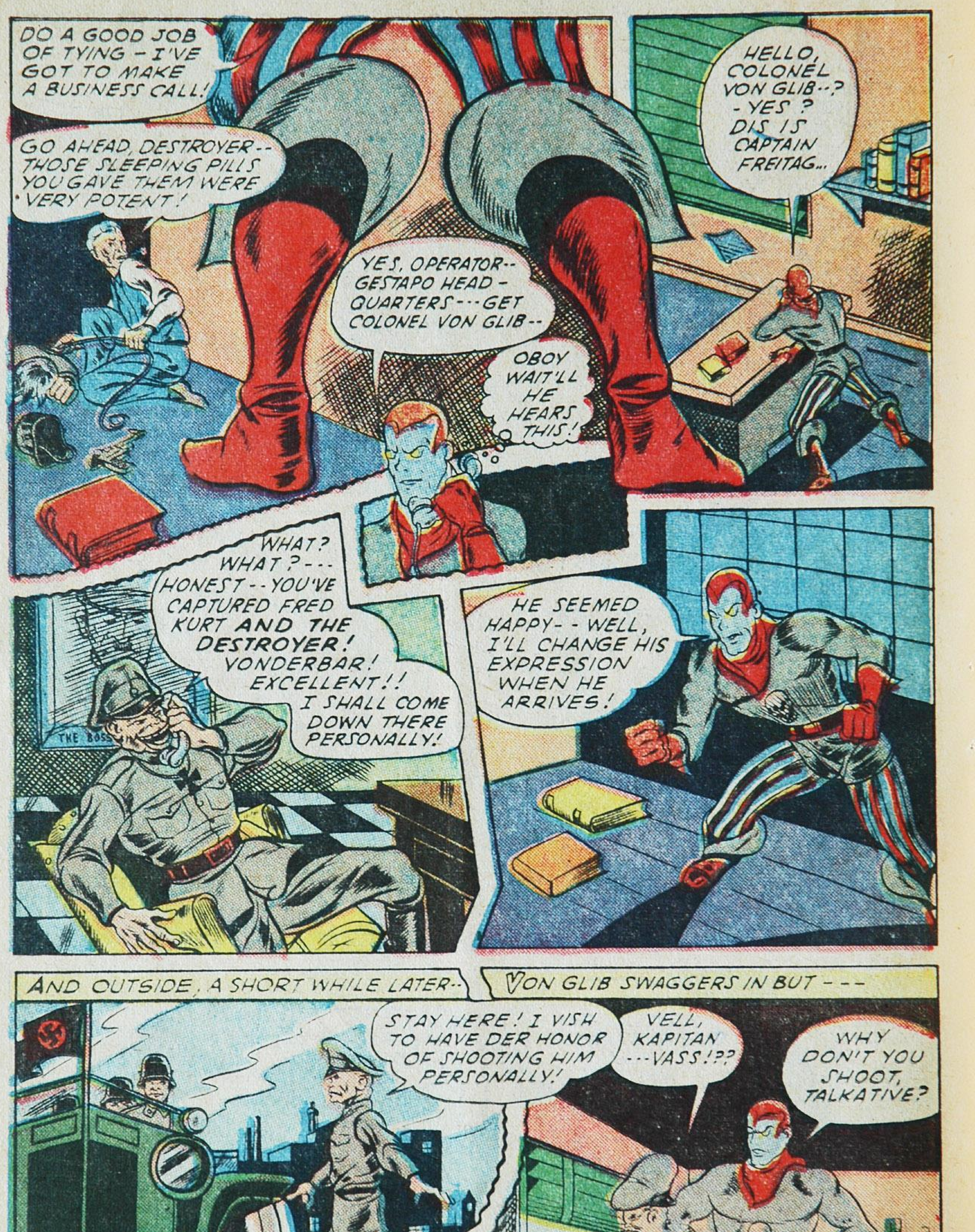
The DESTROYER
BEHIND THE QUIET FRONT OF A BERLIN BOOK STORE MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE LURKED FOR THE DESTROYER, THE NAZIS WERE OUT TO TRAP HIM BUT THE DESTROYER WAS ONE PAGE AHEAD OF THEM AND LED THEM THROUGH MERRY CHAPTERS INTO DEATH!
IF THE GESTAPO DIDN'T BURN IT WE HAVE IT.
IF YOU HAVE READ "MEIN KAMPF" TEN TIMES READ IT AGAIN - OR ELSE
Adolph Hitler
SIEFRIED

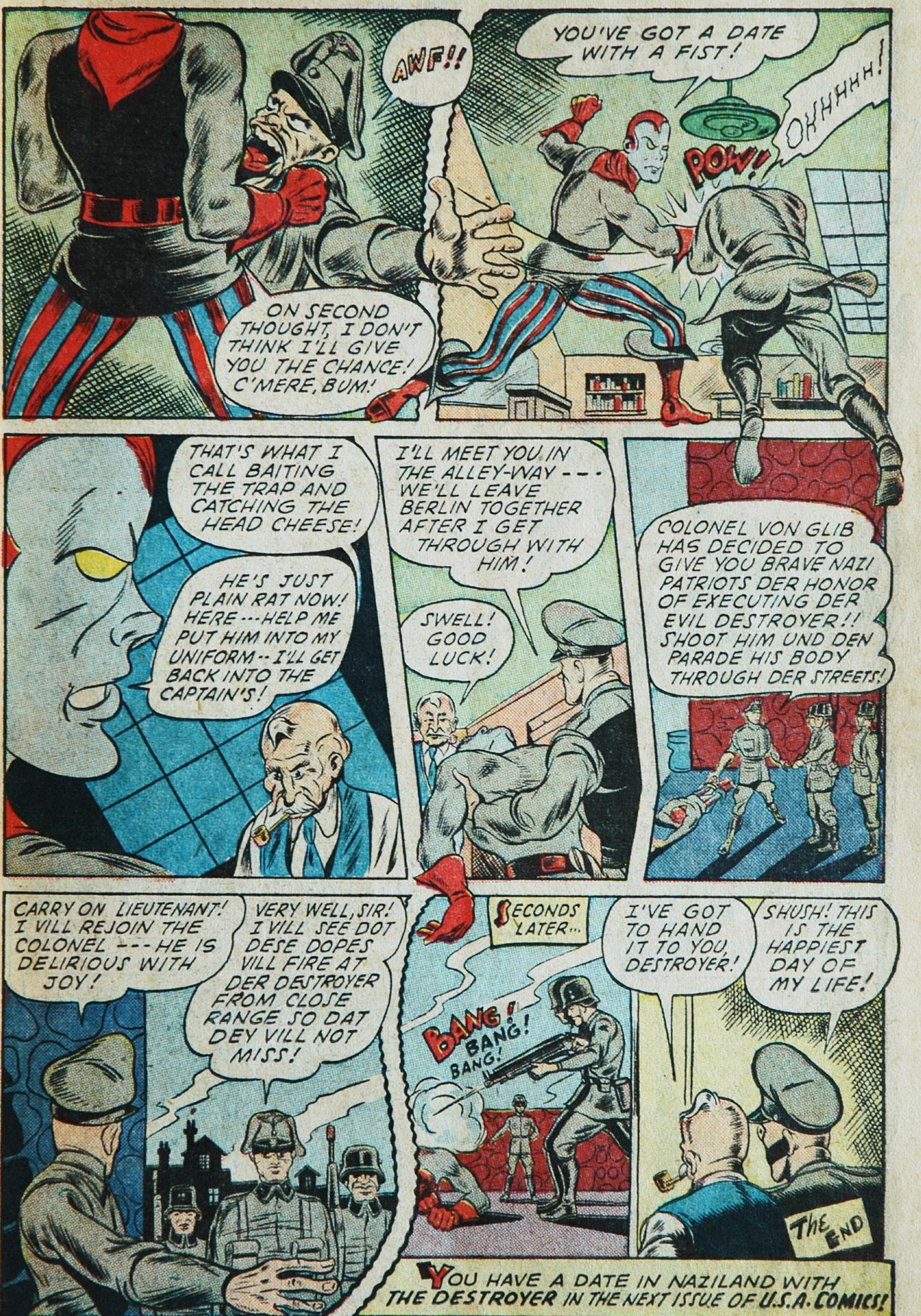
DEEP IN THE HEART OF GESTAPO-LAND---
IDIOTS! DUMKOPFS! DER DESTROYER VAS REPORTED SEEN IN BERLIN UND YOU HAFF NOT CAPTURED HIM YET!
BUT HE IS SO ELUSIVE, MAJOR VON GLIB!
BAH! BABIES HAFF MORE BRAINS DAN YOU! DOPES, OUTSIDE UND DON'T COME BACK MITTOUT DER DESTROYER!!
MEIN KAMPF BY ME
JAWOHL, MAJOR!
HAFF CAPTAIN FREITAG REPORT TO ME IMMEDIATELY!
YES SIR!
IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.
ACH! VOT DOES DOT NOISEMAKER GLIB, VANT NOW!
ALWAYS HE IS PICKING ON ME! SOMEDAY, I'LL---
CAPITA
FRAID
GESTAP
AN ADVERSARY- SLEEK, GRIM, AND SWIFT, STRIKES!
STOP COMPLAINING, CAPTAIN!
OW-W!
TCH-TCH - THESE NAZIS ARE GETTING SOFTER EVERY DAY-- TOO MUCH BALONEY FROM THE FUEHRER!


THE DESTROYER CHANGES INTO THE UNCONSCIOUS NAZI'S CLOTHES.---
THERE, I SHOULD PASS FOR CAPTAIN FREITAG! NOW TO HIDE HIM IN THE CLOSET AND SEE WHAT VON GLIB DID WANT!
MINUTES LATER...
VAT IS IT YOU VANT, MAJOR?
OH--IT'S YOU, CAPTAIN!
VE HAFF OBTAINED INFORMATION DOT FRED KURT A BOOK-SELLER ON BATTEN STRAUSSE IS A BRITISH SPY---
UND...?
JAWOHL, HERR MAJOR! YOU HAFF A GREAT IDEA!
STUPID! I VANT HIM BROUGHT IN, OF COURSE! TAKE DESE FLAT HEADS VITH YOU--
ANUDDER THING--VATCH OUT FOR DER DESTROYER! HE VAS REPORTED IN BERLIN!
OH, YES---I SHALL VATCH FOR HIM---PERSONALLY!
THAT'S A HOT ONE--I HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR MYSELF--HMMM -
DIS IS DER PLACE, HERR KAPITAN!
GOOD--VAIT RIGHT HERE--I DO DIS ALONE!

HMM! SO THIS IS FRED KURT'S HEADQUARTERS! HE IS A VALUABLE BRITISH SPY-- CAN'T LOSE HIM TO THE GESTAPO!
OH--UH, IF I NEED HELP, I VILL BLOW DIS WHISTLE --UND YOU COME IN RIGHT AVAY!
JA, HERR CAPITAN--VE UNDERSTAND!
THAT MUST BE KURT NOW--BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE SURE!
ACHTUNG! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, FRED KURT!
WHA--- OHH! GESTAPO!
YOU WON'T GET ME!
OH! OH! I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT REACTION!
BOOKS
HOLD ON--GIVE ME THAT, FRIEND!
OW-W!! SAT--- YOU SPOKE ENGLISH-- WHO ARE YOU?
HERE --- I'LL TAKE OFF THESE NAZI RAGS AND GIVE YOU ONE GUESS!
BY JUPITER! YOU'RE DESTROYER!
BOOKS

IN THE FLESH! LISTEN, KURT, THE NAZIS ARE ON TO YOU-- NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN--- FOLLOW IT CAREFULLY--
MINUTES LATER OUTSIDE...
TWEEEEET!
DAT IS DER SIGNAL! DER CAPTAIN NEEDS HELP! HA! HA! COME ON!
HURRY, KARL, OR VE SHALL HAFF DER KAPITAN BAWLING US OUT FOR BEING SLOW!
BAH-- I'M TIRED OF TAKING ORDERS-ORDERS-ORDERS!
THEN...
NOW TO PUT YOU BOYS TO SLEEP!
ACH-- VASS IS DISS!
I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE NIGHTMARES!
ACH I MISSED!
BUT, I NEVER MISS, NAZI!
ACH VOT VAS DAT-- DER DESTROYER!? ACH HIMMEL!
POWEEE!
ALL ACCOUNTED FOR AND PUT TO BED!
SWELL--WE'LL DRAG THEM INTO THE BACK ROOM AND TIE THEM UP!
BOOK
MEIN KAMPF


DO A GOOD JOB OF TYING – I'VE GOT TO MAKE A BUSINESS CALL!
GO AHEAD, DESTROYER-- THOSE SLEEPING PILLS YOU GAVE THEM WERE VERY POTENT!
YES, OPERATOR-- GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS---GET COLONEL VON GLIB--
OBOY WAIT'LL HE HEARS THIS!
HELLO, COLONEL VON GLIB--? -YES? DIS IS CAPTAIN FREITAG...
WHAT? WHAT?--- HONEST--YOU'VE CAPTURED FRED KURT AND THE DESTROYER! VONDERBAR! EXCELLENT!! I SHALL COME DOWN THERE PERSONALLY!
THE BOSS
HE SEEMED HAPPY--WELL, I'LL CHANGE HIS EXPRESSION WHEN HE ARRIVES!
AND OUTSIDE, A SHORT WHILE LATER--
STAY HERE! I VISH TO HAVE DER HONOR OF SHOOTING HIM PERSONALLY!
VON GLIB SWAGGERS IN BUT---
VELL, KAPITAN ---VASS!??
WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT, TALKATIVE?


AWF!!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I DON'T THINK I'LL GIVE YOU THE CHANCE! C'MERE, BUM!
YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A FIST!
POW!
OHHHHH!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL BAITING THE TRAP AND CATCHING THE HEAD CHEESE!
HE'S JUST PLAIN RAT NOW! HERE --- HELP ME PUT HIM INTO MY UNIFORM -- I'LL GET BACK INTO THE CAPTAIN'S!
I'LL MEET YOU IN THE ALLEY-WAY --- WE'LL LEAVE BERLIN TOGETHER AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
SWELL! GOOD LUCK!
COLONEL VON GLIB HAS DECIDED TO GIVE YOU BRAVE NAZI PATRIOTS DER HONOR OF EXECUTING DER EVIL DESTROYER!! SHOOT HIM UND DEN PARADE HIS BODY THROUGH DER STREETS!
CARRY ON LIEUTENANT! I VILL REJOIN THE COLONEL --- HE IS DELIRIOUS WITH JOY!
VERY WELL, SIR! I VILL SEE DOT DESE DOPES VILL FIRE AT DER DESTROYER FROM CLOSE RANGE SO DAT DEY VILL NOT MISS!
SECONDS LATER...
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, DESTROYER!
SHUSH! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!
THE END

YOU HAVE A DATE IN NAZILAND WITH **THE DESTROYER** IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS!

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

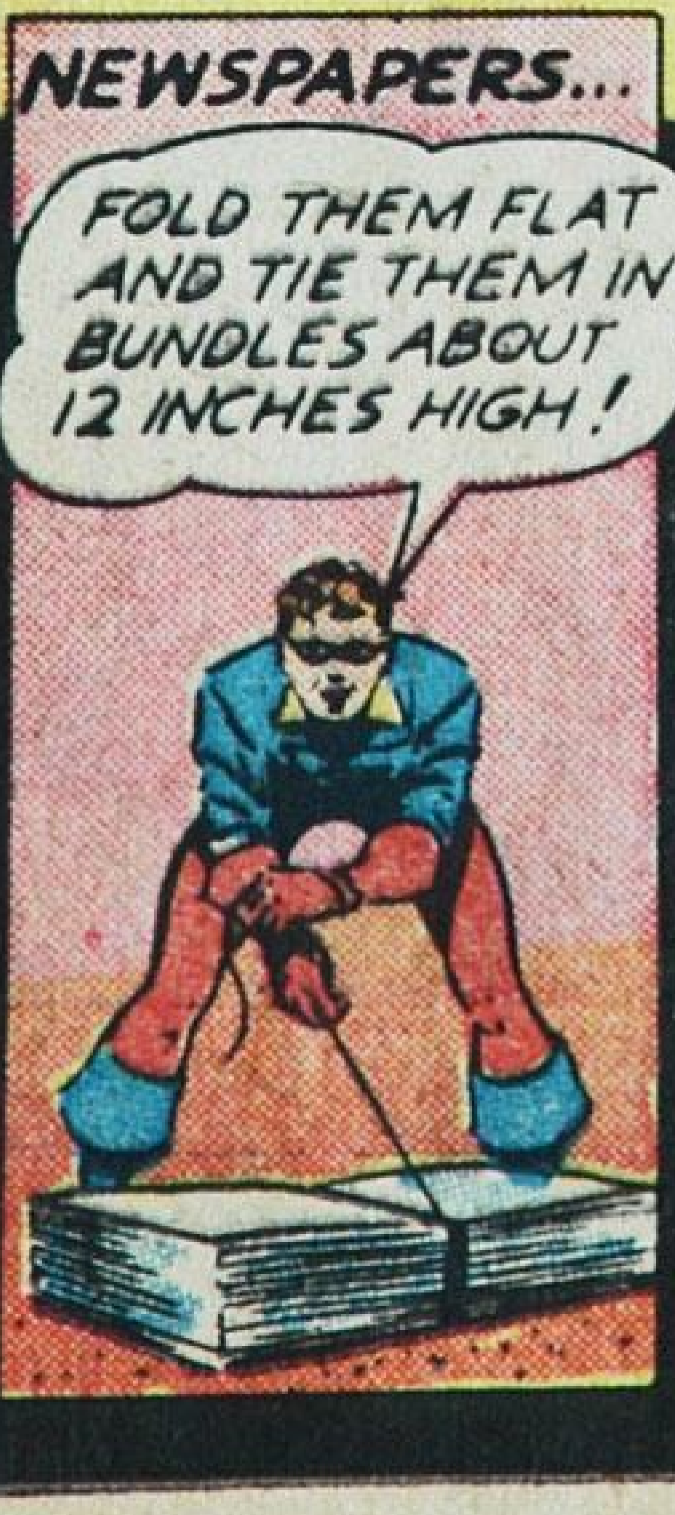
DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!

BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

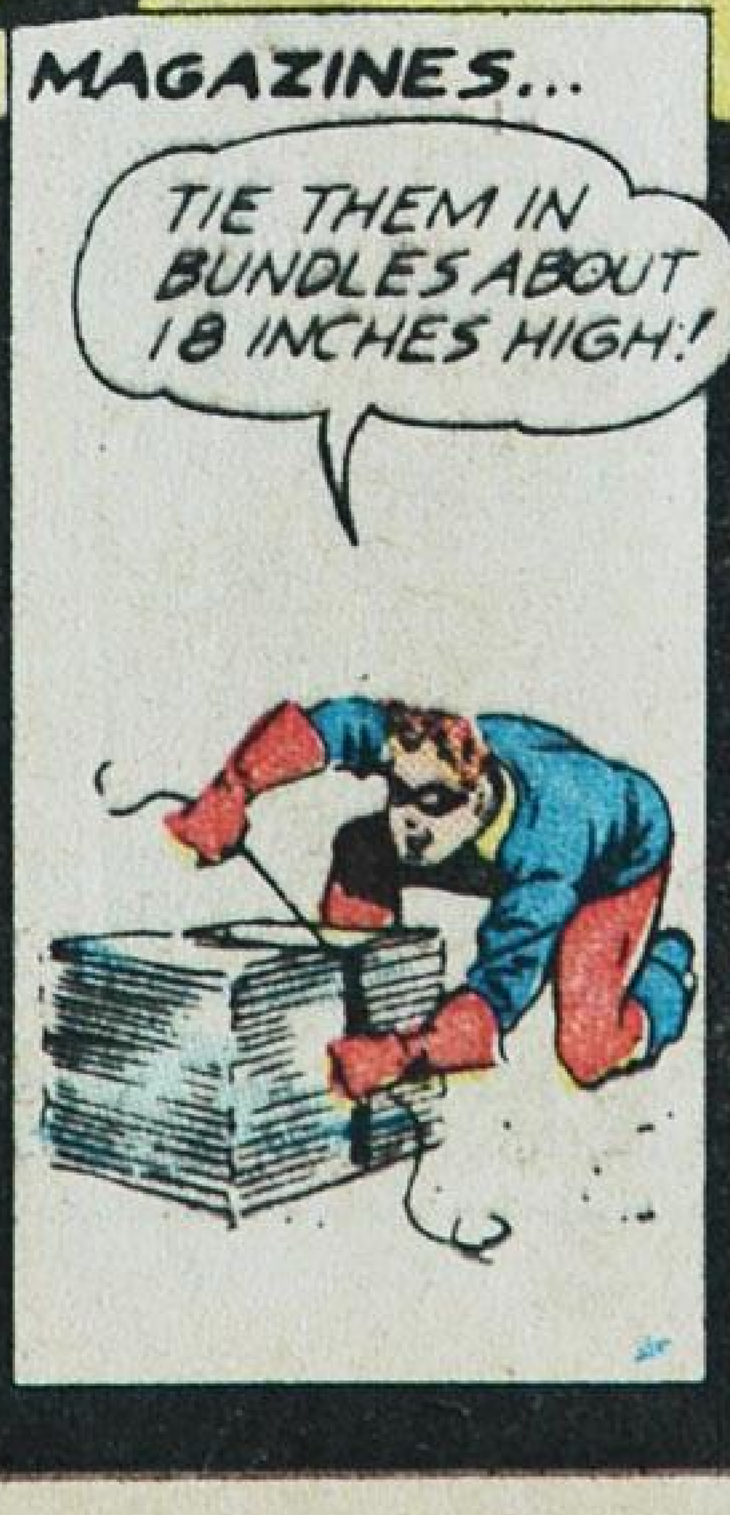
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

FOR EASY HANDLING!



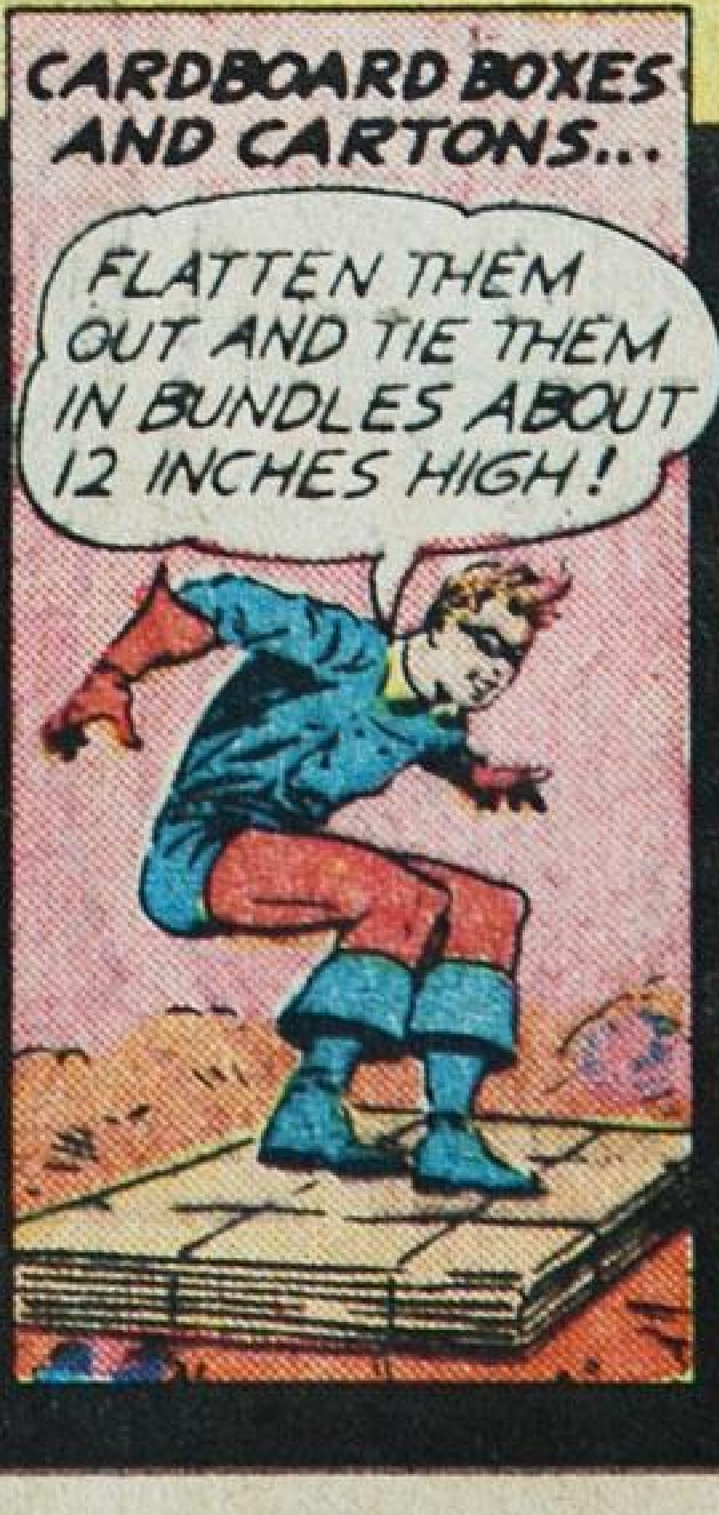
NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!



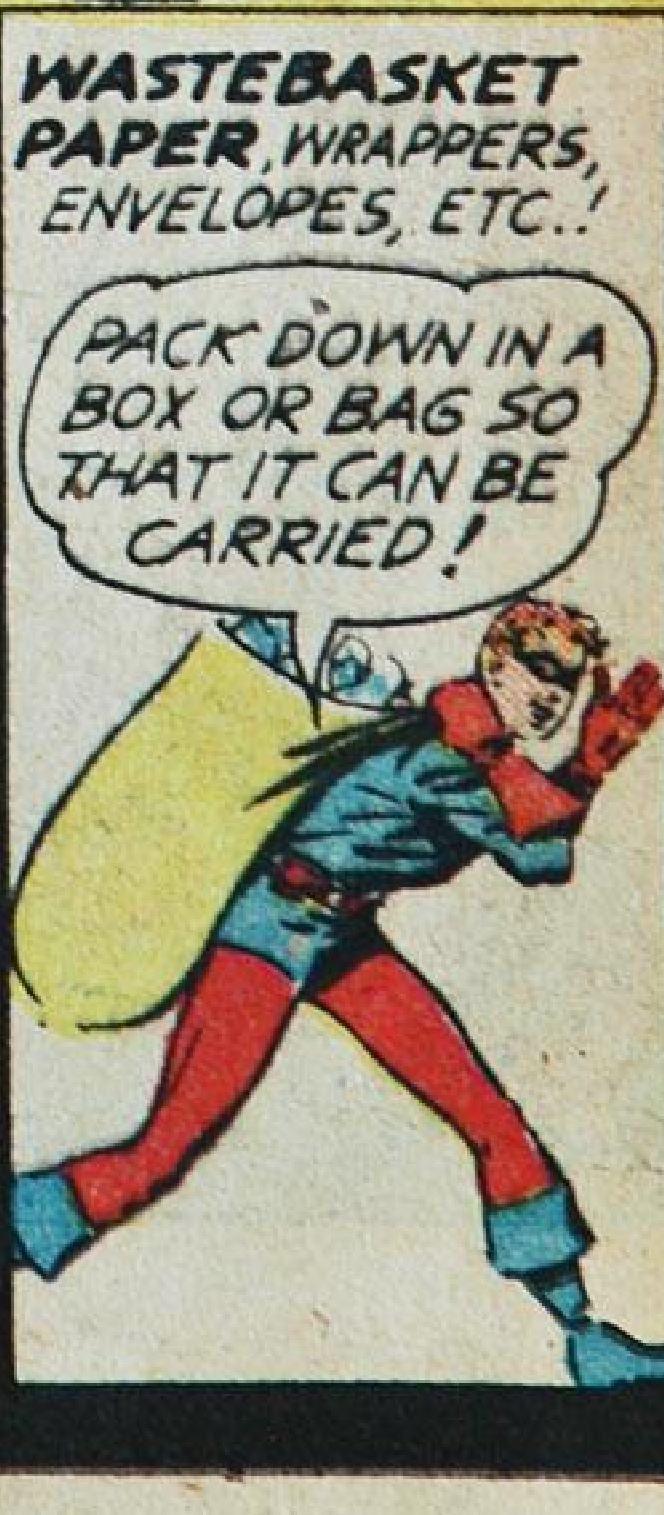
MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!



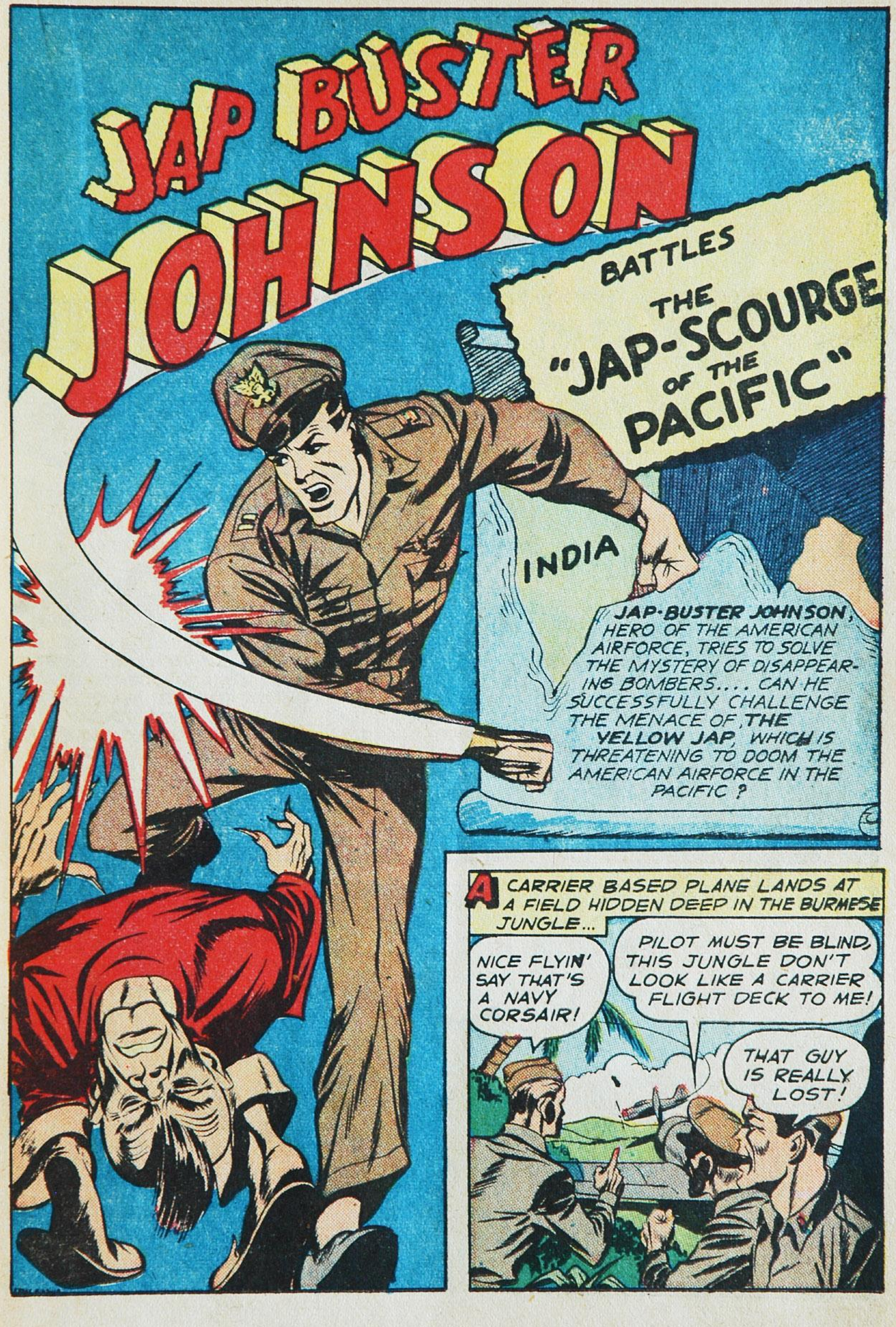
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...

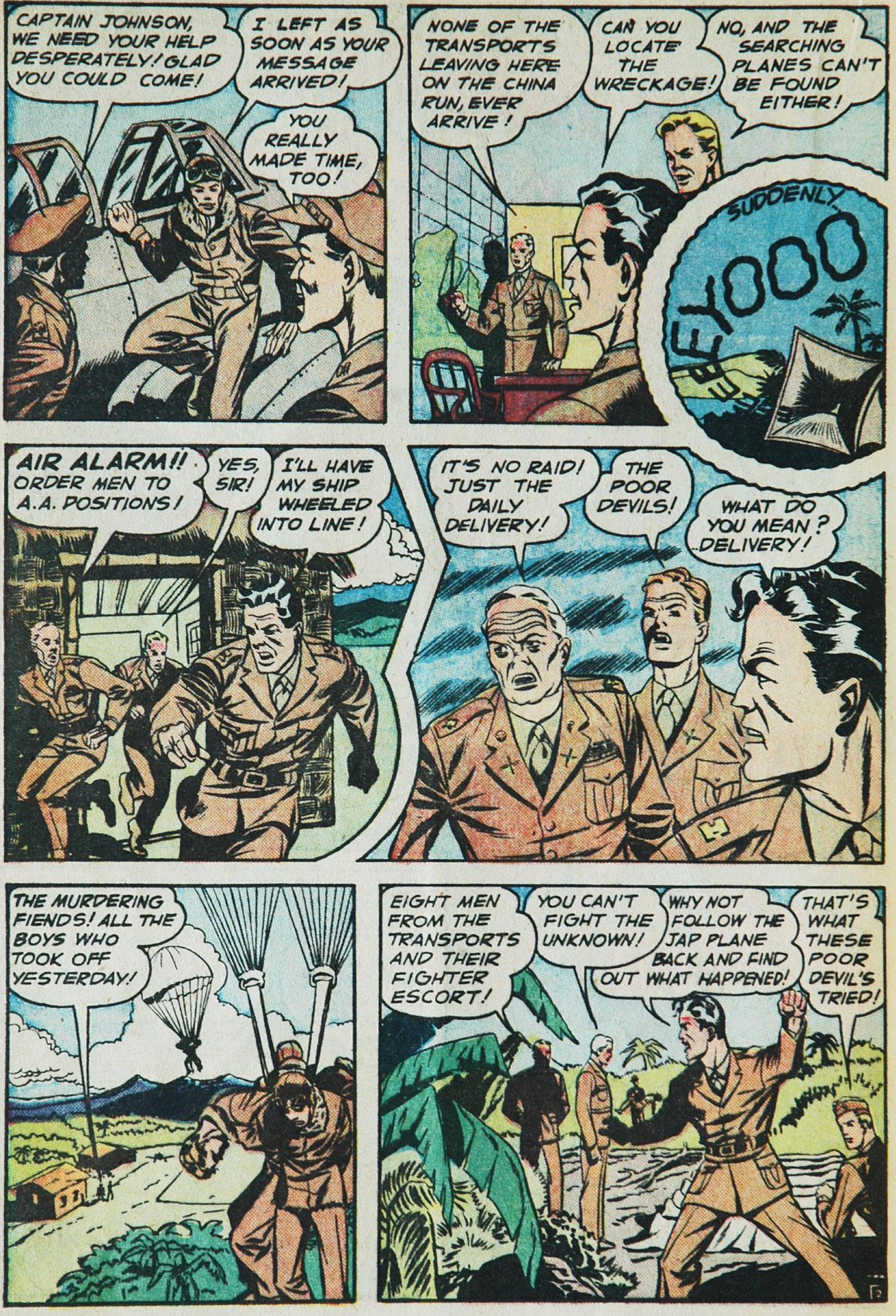
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!

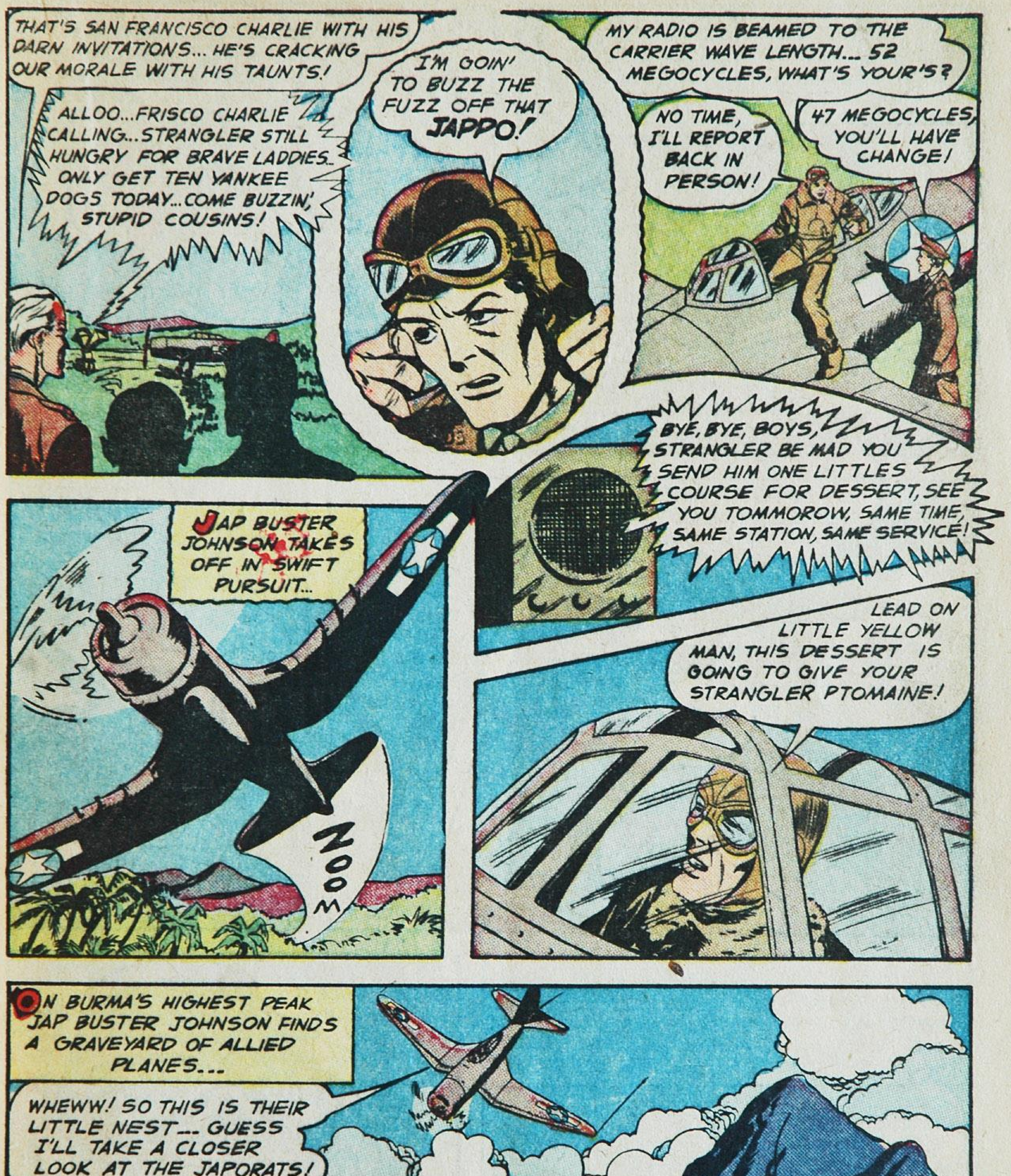


WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!

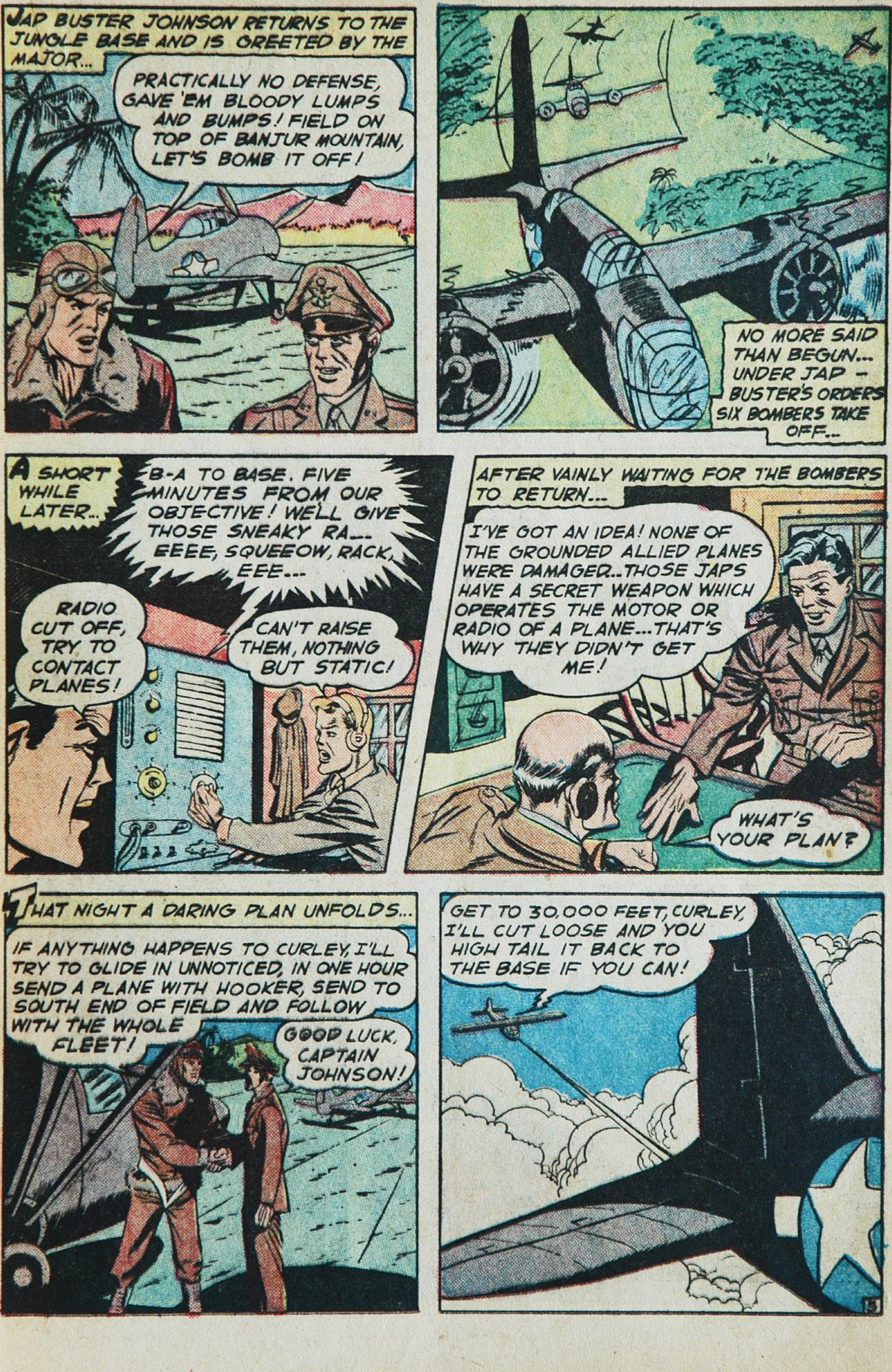
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!


JAP BUSTER JOHNSON
BATTLES THE "JAP-SCOURGE OF THE PACIFIC"
INDIA
JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON, HERO OF THE AMERICAN AIRFORCE, TRIES TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF DISAPPEARING BOMBERS.... CAN HE SUCCESSFULLY CHALLENGE THE MENACE OF, THE YELLOW JAP, WHICH IS THREATENING TO DOOM THE AMERICAN AIRFORCE IN THE PACIFIC ?
A CARRIER BASED PLANE LANDS AT A FIELD HIDDEN DEEP IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE...
NICE FLYIN' SAY THAT'S A NAVY CORSAIR!
PILOT MUST BE BLIND, THIS JUNGLE DON'T LOOK LIKE A CARRIER FLIGHT DECK TO ME!
THAT GUY IS REALLY LOST!

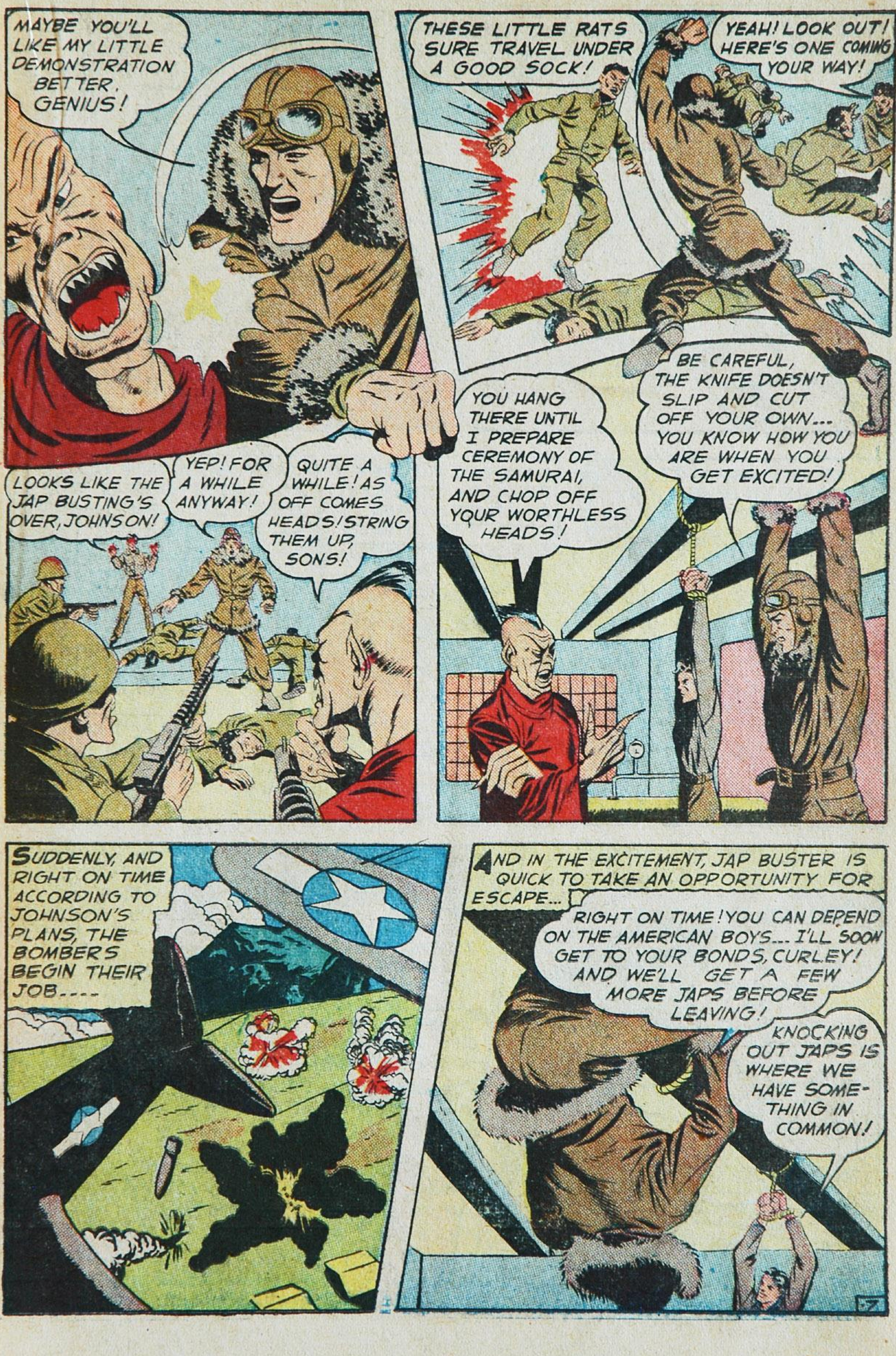

CAPTAIN JOHNSON, WE NEED YOUR HELP DESPERATELY! GLAD YOU COULD COME!
I LEFT AS SOON AS YOUR MESSAGE ARRIVED!
YOU REALLY MADE TIME, TOO!
NONE OF THE TRANSPORTS LEAVING HERE ON THE CHINA RUN, EVER ARRIVE!
CAN YOU LOCATE THE WRECKAGE!
NO, AND THE SEARCHING PLANES CAN'T BE FOUND EITHER!
SUDDENLY
EEYOOO
AIR ALARM!! ORDER MEN TO A.A. POSITIONS!
YES, SIR!
I'LL HAVE MY SHIP WHEELED INTO LINE!
IT'S NO RAID! JUST THE DAILY DELIVERY!
THE POOR DEVILS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ..DELIVERY!
THE MURDERING FIENDS! ALL THE BOYS WHO TOOK OFF YESTERDAY!
EIGHT MEN FROM THE TRANSPORTS AND THEIR FIGHTER ESCORT!
YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE UNKNOWN!
WHY NOT FOLLOW THE JAP PLANE BACK AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!
THAT'S WHAT THESE POOR DEVIL'S TRIED!


THAT'S SAN FRANCISCO CHARLIE WITH HIS DARN INVITATIONS... HE'S CRACKING OUR MORALE WITH HIS TAUNTS!
ALLOO...FRISCO CHARLIE CALLING...STRANGLER STILL HUNGRY FOR BRAVE LADDIES.. ONLY GET TEN YANKEE DOGS TODAY...COME BUZZIN', STUPID COUSINS!
I'M GOIN' TO BUZZ THE FUZZ OFF THAT JAPPO!
MY RADIO IS BEAMED TO THE CARRIER WAVE LENGTH... 52 MEGOCYCLES, WHAT'S YOUR'S?
NO TIME, I'LL REPORT BACK IN PERSON!
47 MEGOCYCLES, YOU'LL HAVE CHANGE!
BYE, BYE, BOYS, STRANGLER BE MAD YOU SEND HIM ONE LITTLES COURSE FOR DESSERT, SEE YOU TOMMOROW, SAME TIME, SAME STATION, SAME SERVICE!
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON TAKES OFF IN SWIFT PURSUIT...
ZOOM
LEAD ON LITTLE YELLOW MAN, THIS DESSERT IS GOING TO GIVE YOUR STRANGLER PTOMAINE!
ON BURMA'S HIGHEST PEAK JAP BUSTER JOHNSON FINDS A GRAVEYARD OF ALLIED PLANES...
WHEWW! SO THIS IS THEIR LITTLE NEST... GUESS I'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE JAPORATS!

JAP BUSTER JOHNSON OPENS UP ON FRISCO CHARLIE AS THE JAP STARTS TO LAND...
MAYBE LEAD POISONING IS BETTER FOR RODENTS THAN PTOMAINE!
AUGHH!
NOW TO PUT A FEW OF THESE ZEROS OUT OF ORDER... OH, OH, ANTI-AIRCRAFT WAITING... WELL?
GIVE UP ONE JOB---
--- TO TACKLE ANOTHER!
MEANWHILE IN THE STRANGLER'S HERMETICALLY SEALED EXPERIMENTAL ROOM...
BUNGLING DOGS! SHOCK THE YANKEE MAD-MAN! MAKE PLANE TO LEAVE FIELD AT ONCE OR HEADS COME OFF AT ONCE!
HONORABLE STRANGLER, I CAN NO MAKE CONTACT!
HONORABLE CONTROLS HAVE NO CONTROL!!
I'D BETTER GET BACK... HERE'S SOME FRUIT FOR YOU RATS!!!


JAP BUSTER JOHNSON RETURNS TO THE JUNGLE BASE AND IS GREETED BY THE MAJOR...
PRACTICALLY NO DEFENSE, GAVE 'EM BLOODY LUMPS AND BUMPS! FIELD ON TOP OF BANJUR MOUNTAIN, LET'S BOMB IT OFF!
NO MORE SAID THAN BEGUN... UNDER JAP-BUSTER'S ORDERS SIX BOMBERS TAKE OFF...
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
B-A TO BASE. FIVE MINUTES FROM OUR OBJECTIVE! WE'LL GIVE THOSE SNEAKY RA... EEEE, SQUEEOW, RACK, EEE...
RADIO CUT OFF, TRY TO CONTACT PLANES!
CAN'T RAISE THEM, NOTHING BUT STATIC!
AFTER VAINLY WAITING FOR THE BOMBERS TO RETURN...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! NONE OF THE GROUNDED ALLIED PLANES WERE DAMAGED..THOSE JAPS HAVE A SECRET WEAPON WHICH OPERATES THE MOTOR OR RADIO OF A PLANE...THAT'S WHY THEY DIDN'T GET ME!
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
THAT NIGHT A DARING PLAN UNFOLDS...
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO CURLEY, I'LL TRY TO GLIDE IN UNNOTICED, IN ONE HOUR SEND A PLANE WITH HOOKER, SEND TO SOUTH END OF FIELD AND FOLLOW WITH THE WHOLE FLEET!
GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!
GET TO 30,000 FEET, CURLEY, I'LL CUT LOOSE AND YOU HIGH TAIL IT BACK TO THE BASE IF YOU CAN!

BACK AT THE BASE...
B-7 TO BASE... SIX MINUTES FROM OUR OBJECTIVE... ALTITUDE 30,000 PICK UP TOW ROPE OF GLIDER AT DOUBLE FLARES... JOHNSON GETTING READY TO CUT LO... EEEEE, SQUEOW, OOEEE...
RADIO DEAD AGAIN, CAN'T RAISE THEM!
AS JOHNSON CUTS LOOSE CURLEY BIDS HIM A VERY SPURTY FAREWELL...
LOOK, NO HANDS! THE NIPPOES MAKE FLYING VERY SIMPLE!
MOST CONSIDERATE JAPS I EVER MET! BIG GREETING PARTY FOR CURLEY AT THE NORTH END OF THE FIELD, AND A NICE DARK SOUTHERN EXPOSURE RESERVED FOR ME!
THIS IS A GREAT IDEA EVEN IF IT DOESN'T WORK! LADY LUCK STAY WITH ME!
MEANWHILE, IN STRANGLER'S STRONGHOLD!!!
YANKEE DOG HAVE HONOR BE STRANGLER'S LAST EXPERIMENT. SONIC RAY MACHINE NOW COMPLETE! MAKE CONTACT WHEN WE GET PLANE RADIO WAVE LENGTH..HAAA! STRANGLER NOW RULE THE SKY!
YOU COULDN'T RULE A STRAIGHT LINE AND I DON'T THINK YOU COULD STRANGLE A BUTTERFLY!
FOOL! MY GENIUS IS MY STRENGTH! TO STRANGLE YOU I MERELY PUT YOU OUTSIDE THIS ROOM AND THE ALTITUDE WORKS FOR ME! COME I DEMONSTRATE ON YOU!
CURLEY! STILL ALIVE! WELL, JAP BUSTER, LET'S GO INTO ACTION!


MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE MY LITTLE DEMONSTRATION BETTER, GENIUS!
THESE LITTLE RATS SURE TRAVEL UNDER A GOOD SOCK!
YEAH! LOOK OUT! HERE'S ONE COMING YOUR WAY!
LOOKS LIKE THE JAP BUSTING'S OVER, JOHNSON!
YEP! FOR A WHILE ANYWAY!
QUITE A WHILE! AS OFF COMES HEADS! STRING THEM UP, SONS!
YOU HANG THERE UNTIL I PREPARE CEREMONY OF THE SAMURAI, AND CHOP OFF YOUR WORTHLESS HEADS!
BE CAREFUL, THE KNIFE DOESN'T SLIP AND CUT OFF YOUR OWN... YOU KNOW HOW YOU ARE WHEN YOU GET EXCITED!
SUDDENLY, AND RIGHT ON TIME ACCORDING TO JOHNSON'S PLANS, THE BOMBERS BEGIN THEIR JOB----
AND IN THE EXCITEMENT, JAP BUSTER IS QUICK TO TAKE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ESCAPE...
RIGHT ON TIME! YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE AMERICAN BOYS... I'LL SOON GET TO YOUR BONDS, CURLEY! AND WE'LL GET A FEW MORE JAPS BEFORE LEAVING!
KNOCKING OUT JAPS IS WHERE WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON!

THOSE JAPS ARE HEADING RIGHT OUT TO OUR PLANES!
STOP, LOYAL ONES! AND RETURN! THE DOOMED ONES ARE ESCAPING!
YEAH! RETURN FOR YOU GENIUS!
I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF, HITTING SUCH A LITTLE JAP.. GUESS I'LL...
AAGH!!
...GET THIS ONE NEXT THAT HAS TO HAVE A GUN TO FIGHT!
SUBDUEING THE JAPS, JOHNSON AND CURLEY DON THEIR OXYGEN MASKS..
WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TOSS A FEW PINEAPPLES BEFORE WE HIT FOR OUR GLIDER!
CAN'T PASS THIS PLACE UP... LET'S GIVE IT THE REST OF THEM!
OXYGEN ROOM
HURRY, CURLEY! HERE'S OUR PICK UP PLANE! THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD IF WE MAKE IT!
CLOSE CALL, JOHNSON! BUT WE MADE IT, AND THAT'S NOT ALL... OUR BOYS ARE FINISHING OFF ANOTHER NEST OF JAPS!
The End

Decision by Proxy

"IT'S TOUGH," Patsy muttered. "They're going overseas to fight. And . . . we're we're kicking!" Watching the soldiers file past, Patsy felt uneasiness within him. He turned resolutely away, climbed behind the wheel of the chubby pusher. Turning the clumsy little machine, he drove back up the long line of crates forming a bulwark along the edge of the loading platform.

From the top of the crates Sam looked down with a knowing grin and a wink. "There'll be another convoy going out any night now. They're giving those guys a last-minute workout."

Patsy blinked at his helper. "Let's get going. We've got to get this stuff over on board Nineteen before we knock off."

With the pusher loaded, Patsy drove off, careful to keep his eyes away from the line of soldiers out in front of the barracks. Once in a while he'd feel the paper in the pocket of his pants, the long envelope from the draft board. He knew that upon what way the Major filled it out and signed it would depend how much longer Patsy stayed out of uniform.

PATSY usually got the tow jobs. Mainly because he was big and strong. Tonight there was a five-ton cargo job to go to the repair depot uptown. When finally the quitting whistle blasted, Patsy washed up. If he made it in time, he'd stop home for a few hours. Even sleep was rationed nowadays.

THE long pulse of the wharves was temporarily at a lull. Half way back to the garage, Patsy paused. Before him, a little further along, were the soldiers. Patsy had seen them before, dressed this way, carrying their kits and rifles, lined up in the shed beside the big freighter. Patsy knew what it meant. They were going out . . . tonight!

A heavy voice boomed names and automatically Patsy advanced. He had no business here but he felt strangely fascinated.

A soldier stepped out of line. He was grinning as he held something out to Patsy—a small radio.

"Here, Butch," the soldier said. "You can have it. I won't need it where I'm going."

"I—I can't take it," Patsy protested. "It's yours. Maybe there won't be any over there."

"I'll say there won't." The soldier chuckled. "There'll be another kind of music."

Uncertainly Patsy took it. He fished a five-dollar bill, his last one, out of his wallet. "Here. I'll trade you. You can use it for smokes."

"Okay, Butch." The soldier turned to stare toward the slowly moving line. "It'll be my turn soon."

"Scared?" The question came out clumsily, stiffly.

"Scared!" The soldier laughed. "Shucks, no. My luck's as good as anyone else's."

"Do they all feel the same?"

"Sure. Why not?" For a second the soldier's eyes and face were grim. "No one wants to leave home." His voice was soft, stern. "But, we all have to do it. Well, so long, Butch."

He wasn't scared to die! Patsy didn't know much about that sort of thing, but he liked the way the soldier had talked.

IN THE garage Patsy put the radio on the floor of the tow truck. It shone softly in the semi-darkness, strangely symbolic of the men boarding the transport. Patsy turned the radio around. There was a little plate on the back, on which was inscribed the soldier's name and address. It wasn't far from where Patsy would be going. Why, he could stop by and leave it there. They'd be glad to have something to remember the man by—the soldier who had gone overseas.

IT WAS after ten o'clock when Patsy dropped the wreck at the army garage, and turned back toward the opposite end of the city.

He found the address he wanted without much trouble. It was a small house. There was a light in the back, probably in the kitchen. Patsy stopped the wrecker and got out stiffly. He took the radio and walked up the path to the door and rang the bell. The door opened, and he was explaining uneasily to a woman with a friendly face about the radio.

"You'd better come in," she said finally. "I want you to tell me that again. And my husband. He's here."

Then Patsy was in the kitchen, small and spotless, with just the faint, lingering smell of coffee. The woman said to a man behind the table, "Dan . . . here's Steve's radio." She looked at Patsy. "This young man brought it to us. Steve's . . . gone overseas. Tonight."

Patsy explained gently: "I work there on the wharves. I see plenty of them go away. I figured you'd want the radio."

"Steve's the third," the woman said gently, looking down at the radio on the table. "Clifford and Bill went over this summer." She turned slowly. Patsy half expected to see tears in her eyes. He was startled to see them dry, dominated by a look of pride.

"I'm proud of my boys," the woman said softly, looking at the radio. "I know they will come back!"

WITH the big wrecker in the garage at the pier, Patsy walked through the darkness. He could see the outlines of the cargo ships, the transports snuggled up to the wharves.

There was a light in the administration building, and passing the window Patsy saw the Major at his desk.

Patsy knocked and entered slowly. Major Worth looked up, smiled as Patsy came across the rough floor.

"Just getting back, young fellow?"

Patsy nodded. "I had that job to take uptown to the post garage, sir." He fished the long envelope out of his pocket. It was sweat-stained, wrinkled. "I got a form from the draft board." He laid it on the desk.

The Major picked it up, slid the form out and glanced at it. Then he nodded. "I'll take care of it. You beat it home now and get some sleep."

Patsy interrupted hurriedly, "I've been thinking, sir. About not—being drafted." He hesitated, his mouth and lips suddenly dry. "I—I'd rather, sir, that you didn't make it seem as though you needed me."

Major Worth nodded. "You mean you'd rather go into uniform?"

"Yes, sir. It's time. There are others to take over here."

"Okay, young fellow. Get home and to bed. I'll take care of everything."

Outside Patsy walked swiftly along dimmed-out streets. He felt better now. The sound of a voice came to him, a voice from across the distant water now. A voice that said, "Scared? Shucks, no!"

THE END.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of U.S.A. Comics published bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the U.S.A. Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

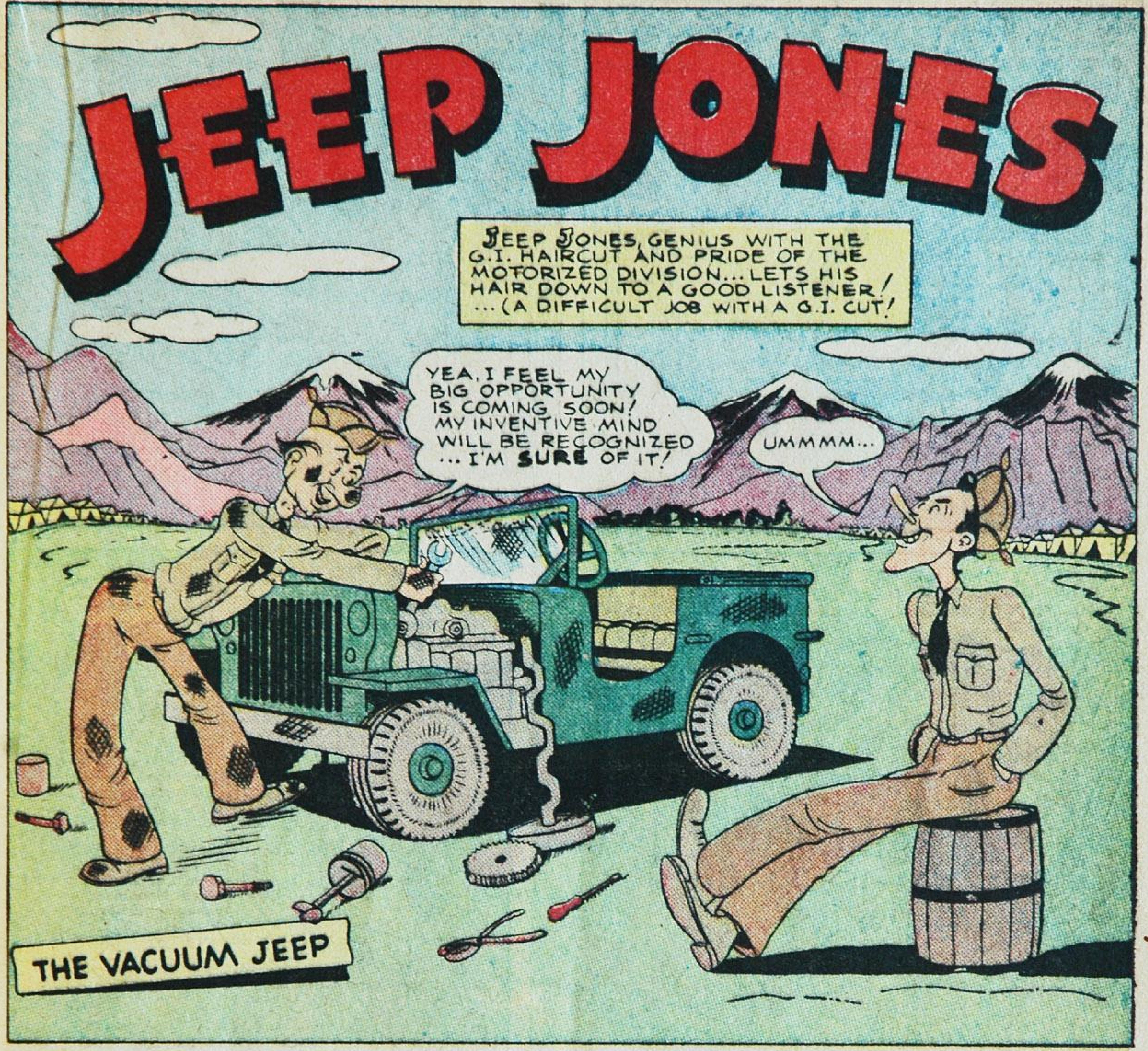
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

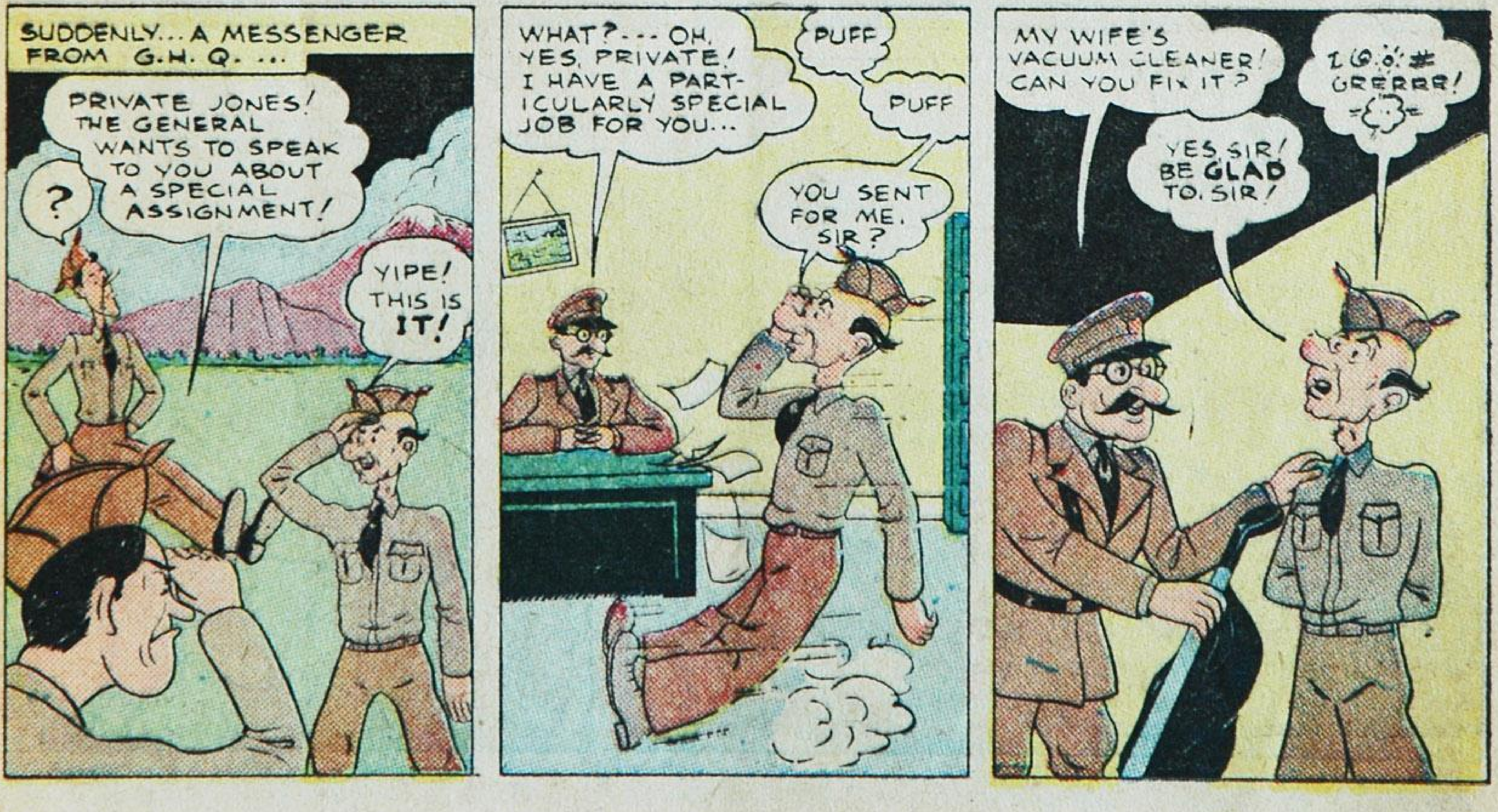
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

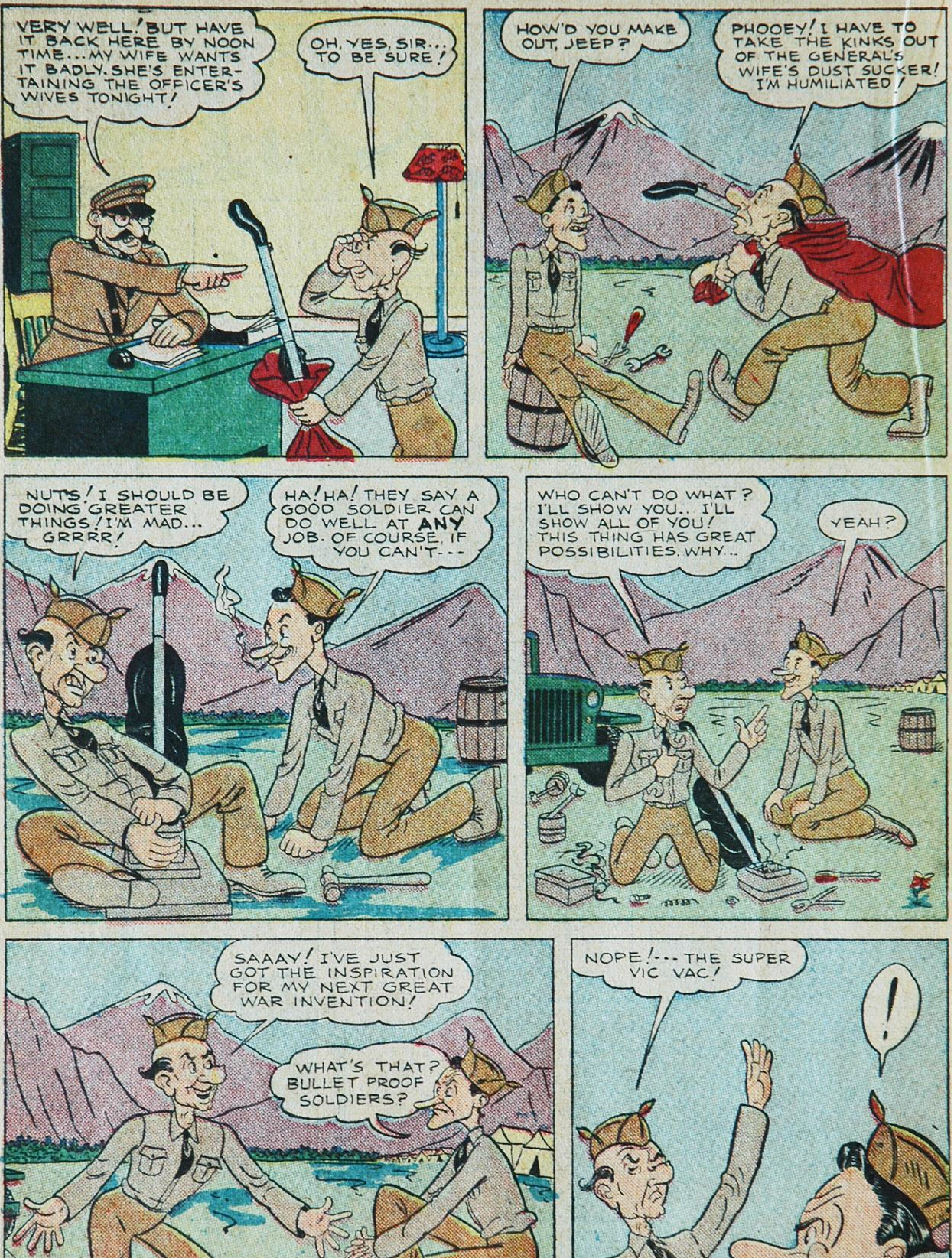
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1943.

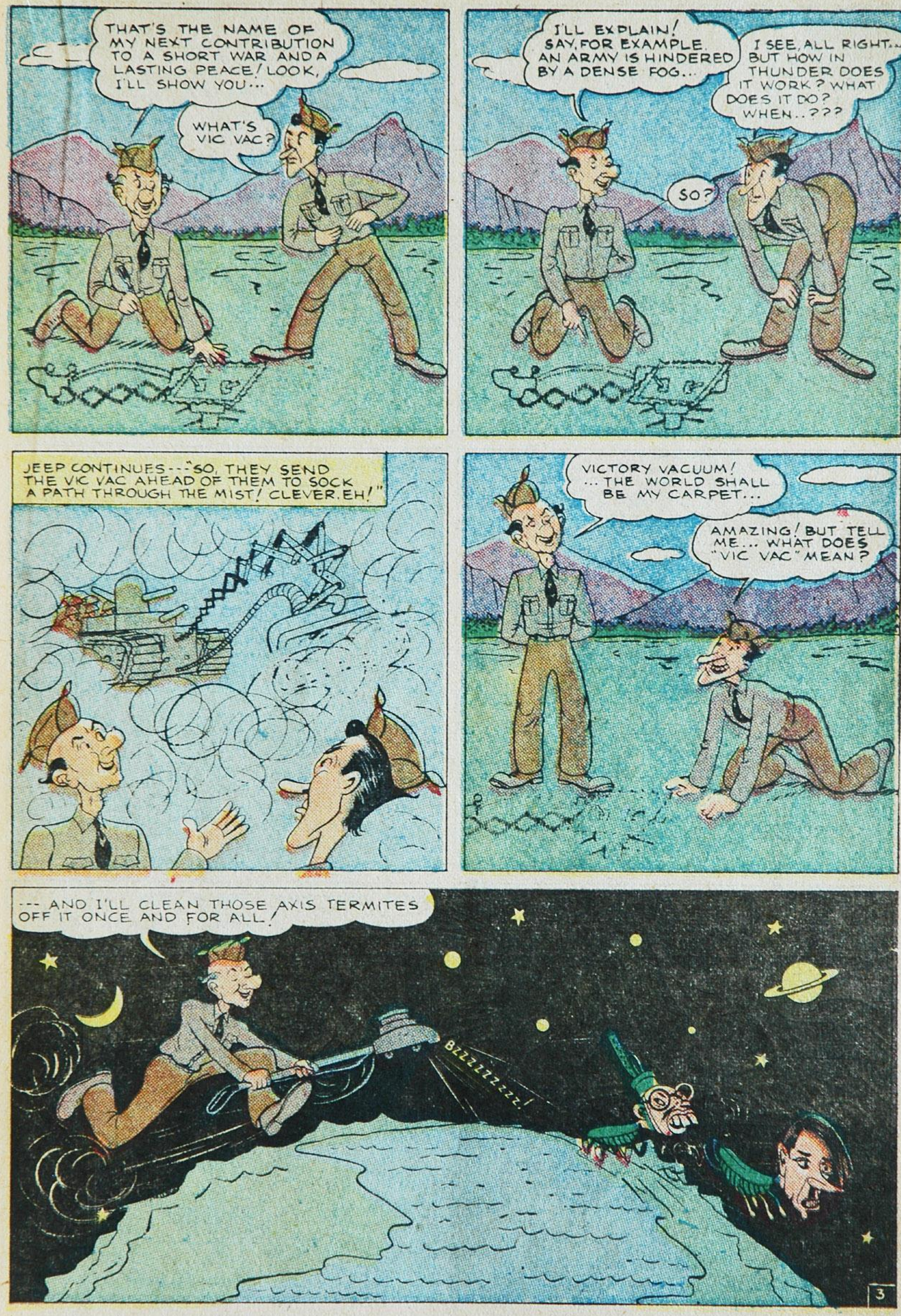
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

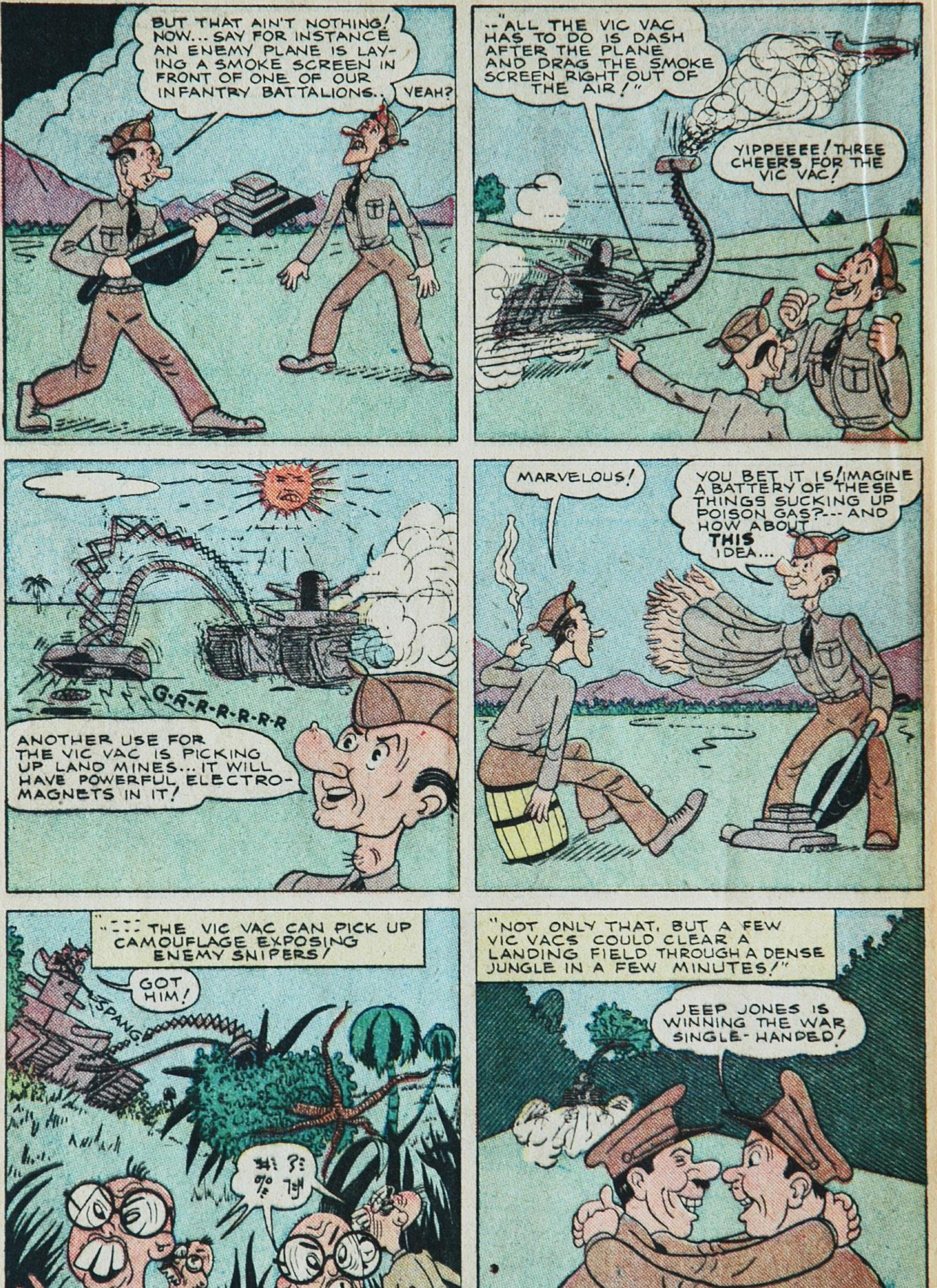
(My commission expires, March 30, 1945.)

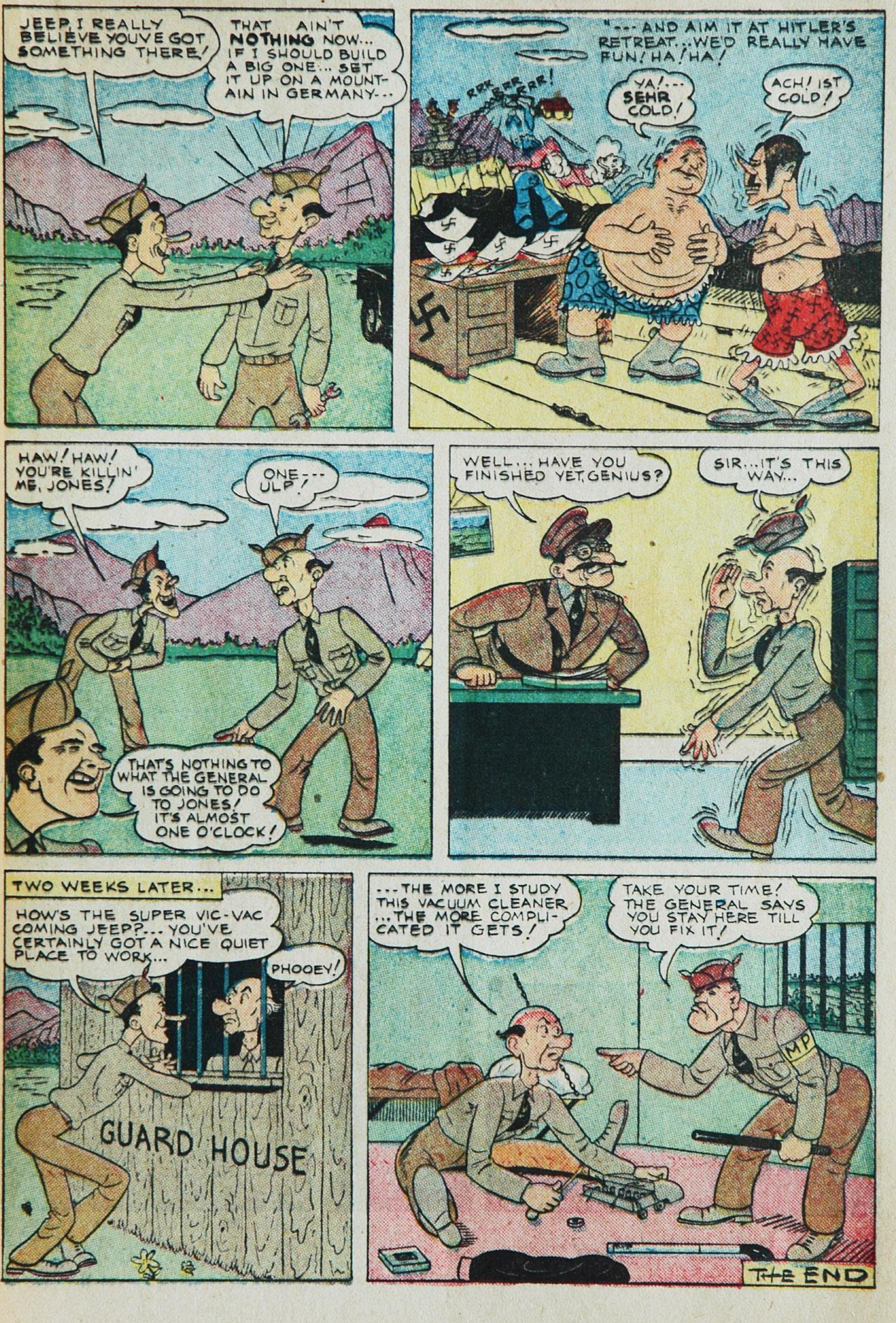

JEEP JONES
JEEP JONES, GENIUS WITH THE G.I. HAIRCUT AND PRIDE OF THE MOTORIZED DIVISION... LETS HIS HAIR DOWN TO A GOOD LISTENER! ...(A DIFFICULT JOB WITH A G.I. CUT!
YEA, I FEEL MY BIG OPPORTUNITY IS COMING SOON! MY INVENTIVE MIND WILL BE RECOGNIZED ...I'M **SURE** OF IT!
UMMMM...
THE VACUUM JEEP

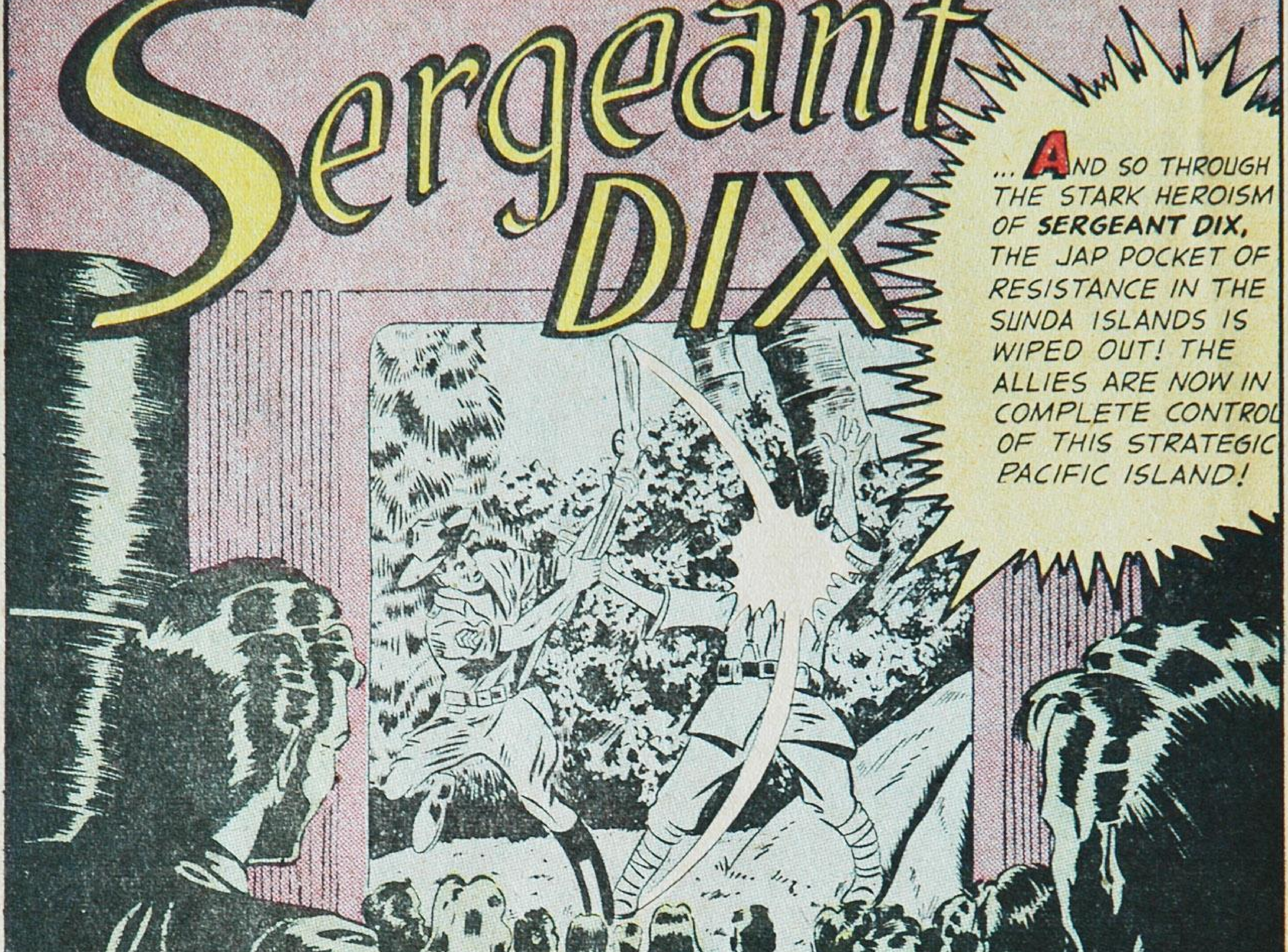

SUDDENLY... A MESSENGER FROM G.H.Q. ...
PRIVATE JONES! THE GENERAL WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!
?
YIPE! THIS IS **IT**!
WHAT?--- OH, YES, PRIVATE! I HAVE A PARTICULARLY SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU...
PUFF
PUFF
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
MY WIFE'S VACUUM CLEANER! CAN YOU FIX IT?
Z@!#
GRERRR!
YES SIR! BE **GLAD** TO, SIR!

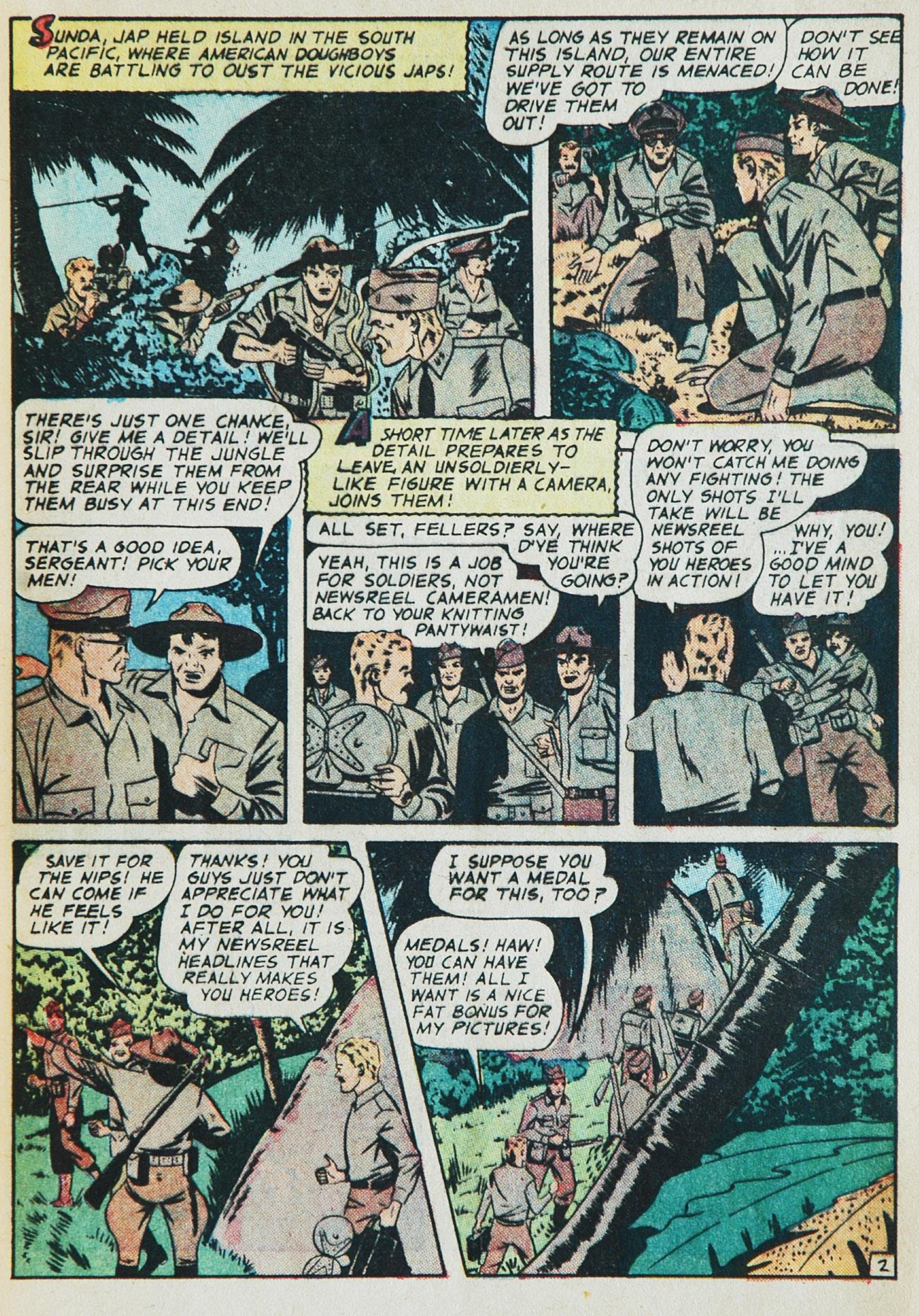

VERY WELL! BUT HAVE IT BACK HERE BY NOON TIME... MY WIFE WANTS IT BADLY. SHE'S ENTERTAINING THE OFFICER'S WIVES TONIGHT!
OH, YES, SIR... TO BE SURE!
HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT, JEEP?
PHOOEY! I HAVE TO TAKE THE KINKS OUT OF THE GENERAL'S WIFE'S DUST SUCKER! I'M HUMILIATED!
NUTS! I SHOULD BE DOING GREATER THINGS! I'M MAD... GRRRR!
HA! HA! THEY SAY A GOOD SOLDIER CAN DO WELL AT ANY JOB. OF COURSE, IF YOU CAN'T---
WHO CAN'T DO WHAT? I'LL SHOW YOU... I'LL SHOW ALL OF YOU! THIS THING HAS GREAT POSSIBILITIES. WHY...
YEAH?
SAAAY! I'VE JUST GOT THE INSPIRATION FOR MY NEXT GREAT WAR INVENTION!
WHAT'S THAT? BULLET PROOF SOLDIERS?
NOPE!--- THE SUPER VIC VAC!
!

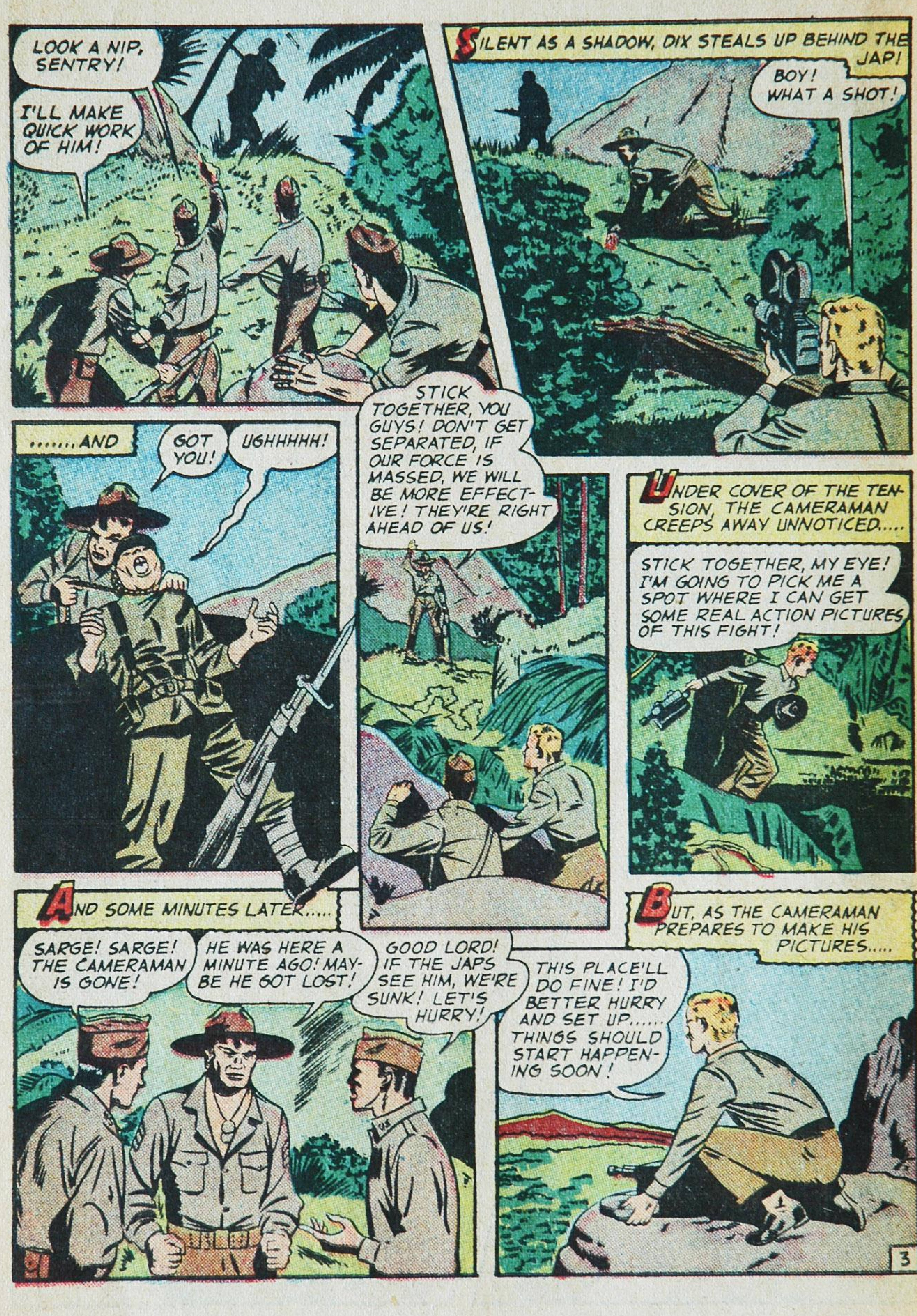

THAT'S THE NAME OF MY NEXT CONTRIBUTION TO A SHORT WAR AND A LASTING PEACE! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU...
WHAT'S VIC VAC?
I'LL EXPLAIN! SAY, FOR EXAMPLE. AN ARMY IS HINDERED BY A DENSE FOG...
I SEE, ALL RIGHT... BUT HOW IN THUNDER DOES IT WORK? WHAT DOES IT DO? WHEN..???
SO?
JEEP CONTINUES---"SO, THEY SEND THE VIC VAC AHEAD OF THEM TO SOCK A PATH THROUGH THE MIST! CLEVER, EH!"
VICTORY VACUUM! ...THE WORLD SHALL BE MY CARPET...
AMAZING! BUT TELL ME... WHAT DOES "VIC VAC" MEAN?
--- AND I'LL CLEAN THOSE AXIS TERMITES OFF IT ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BZZZZZZZZZZ!

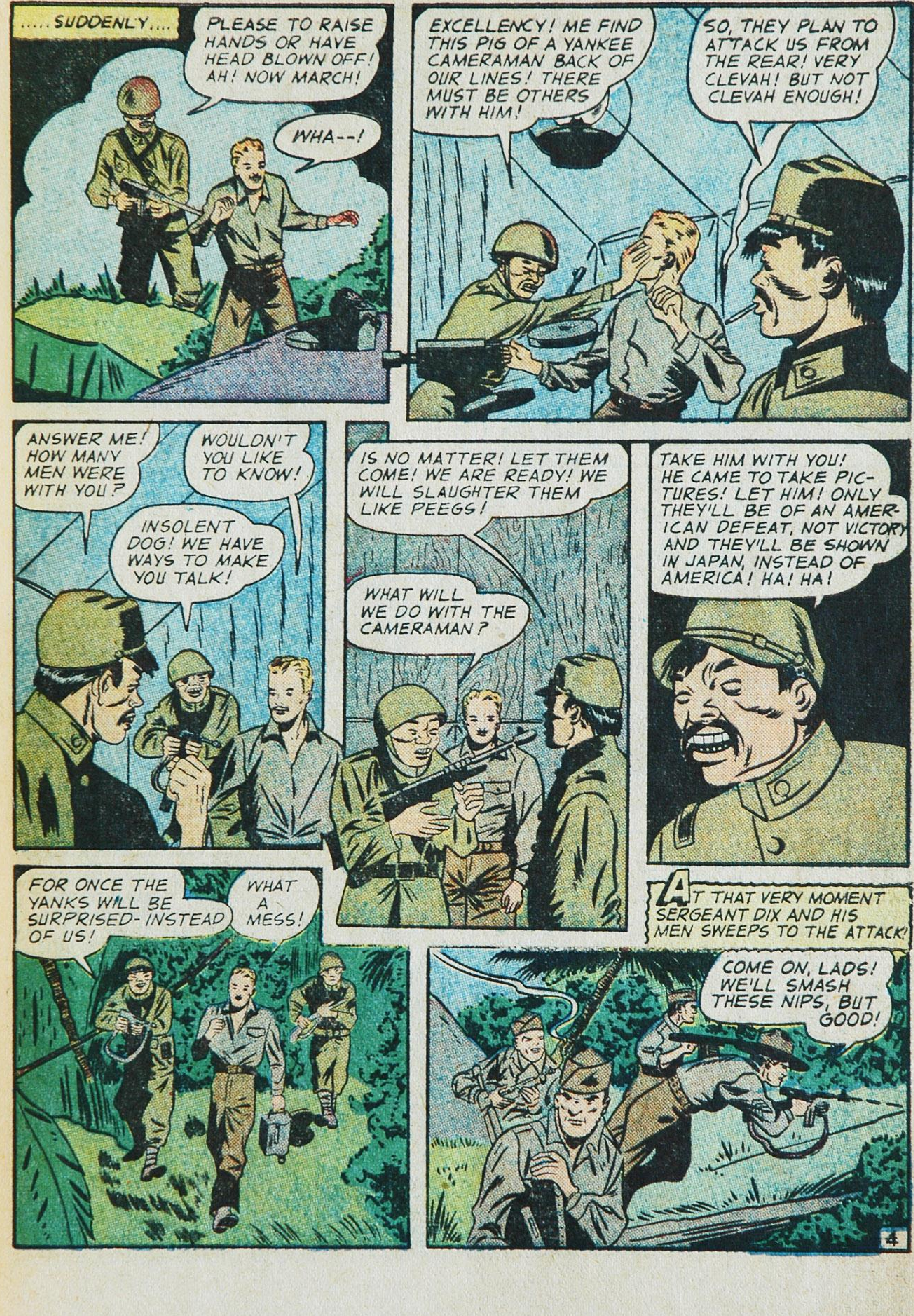

BUT THAT AIN'T NOTHING! NOW... SAY FOR INSTANCE AN ENEMY PLANE IS LAYING A SMOKE SCREEN IN FRONT OF ONE OF OUR INFANTRY BATTALIONS..
YEAH?
..."ALL THE VIC VAC HAS TO DO IS DASH AFTER THE PLANE AND DRAG THE SMOKE SCREEN RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR!"
YIPPEEEE! THREE CHEERS FOR THE VIC VAC!
G-R-R-R-R-R-R
ANOTHER USE FOR THE VIC VAC IS PICKING UP LAND MINES... IT WILL HAVE POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNETS IN IT!
MARVELOUS!
YOU BET IT IS! IMAGINE A BATTERY OF THESE THINGS SUCKING UP POISON GAS?-- AND HOW ABOUT THIS IDEA...
"... THE VIC VAC CAN PICK UP CAMOUFLAGE EXPOSING ENEMY SNIPERS!
GOT HIM!
SPANG
"NOT ONLY THAT, BUT A FEW VIC VACS COULD CLEAR A LANDING FIELD THROUGH A DENSE JUNGLE IN A FEW MINUTES!"
JEEP JONES IS WINNING THE WAR SINGLE-HANDED!

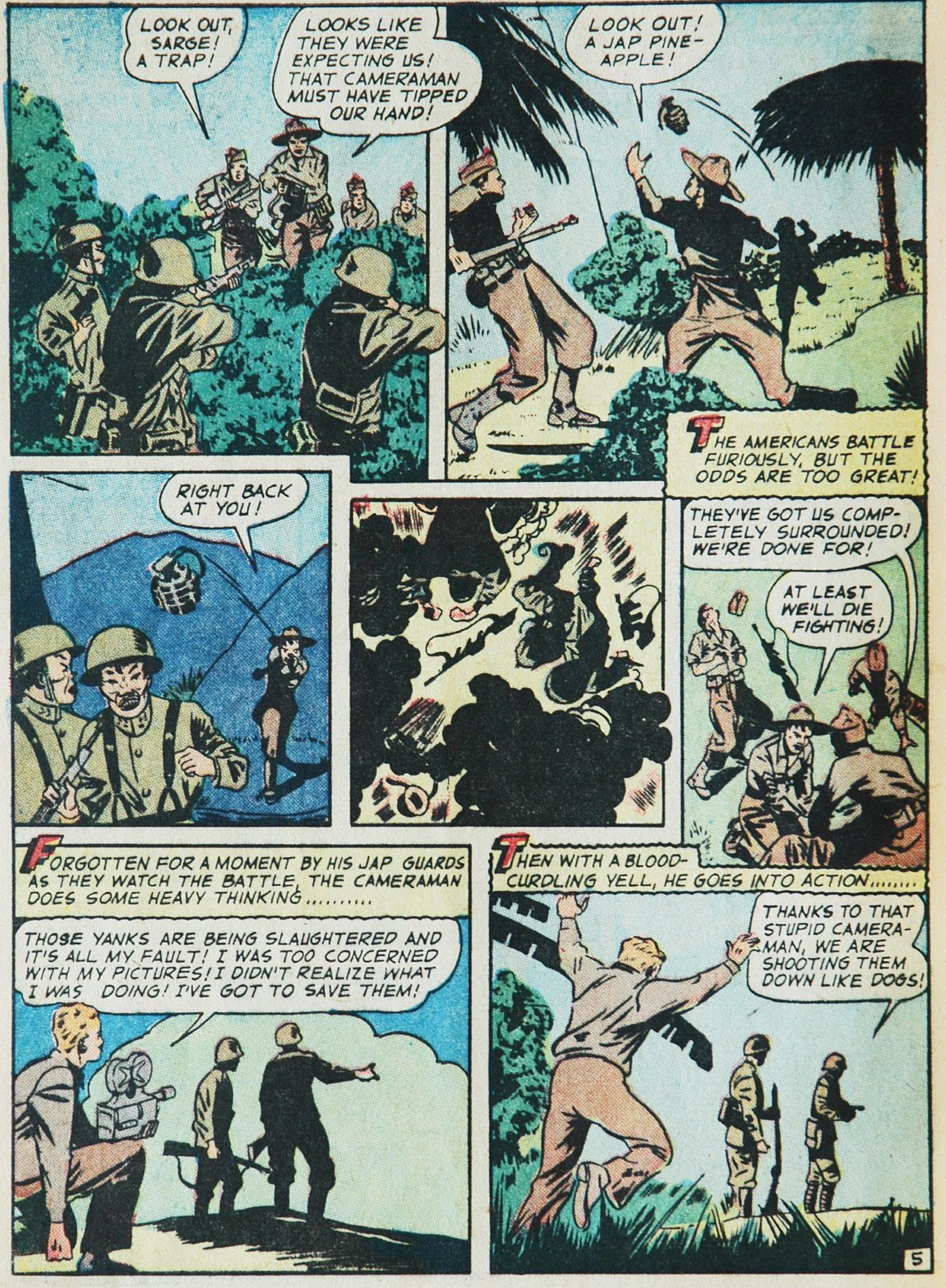

JEEP, I REALLY BELIEVE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!
THAT AIN'T **NOTHING** NOW... IF I SHOULD BUILD A BIG ONE... SET IT UP ON A MOUNTAIN IN GERMANY---
"---AND AIM IT AT HITLER'S RETREAT...WE'D REALLY HAVE FUN! HA! HA!
RRR BRRR RRR!
YA!-- **SEHR** COLD!
ACH! IST COLD!
HAW! HAW! YOU'RE KILLIN' ME, JONES!
ONE--- ULP!
THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT THE GENERAL IS GOING TO DO TO JONES! IT'S ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK!
WELL... HAVE YOU FINISHED YET, GENIUS?
SIR...IT'S THIS WAY...
TWO WEEKS LATER...
HOW'S THE SUPER VIC-VAC COMING JEEP?... YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT A NICE QUIET PLACE TO WORK...
PHOOEY!
GUARD HOUSE
---THE MORE I STUDY THIS VACUUM CLEANER ...THE MORE COMPLICATED IT GETS!
TAKE YOUR TIME! THE GENERAL SAYS YOU STAY HERE TILL YOU FIX IT!
MP
THE END

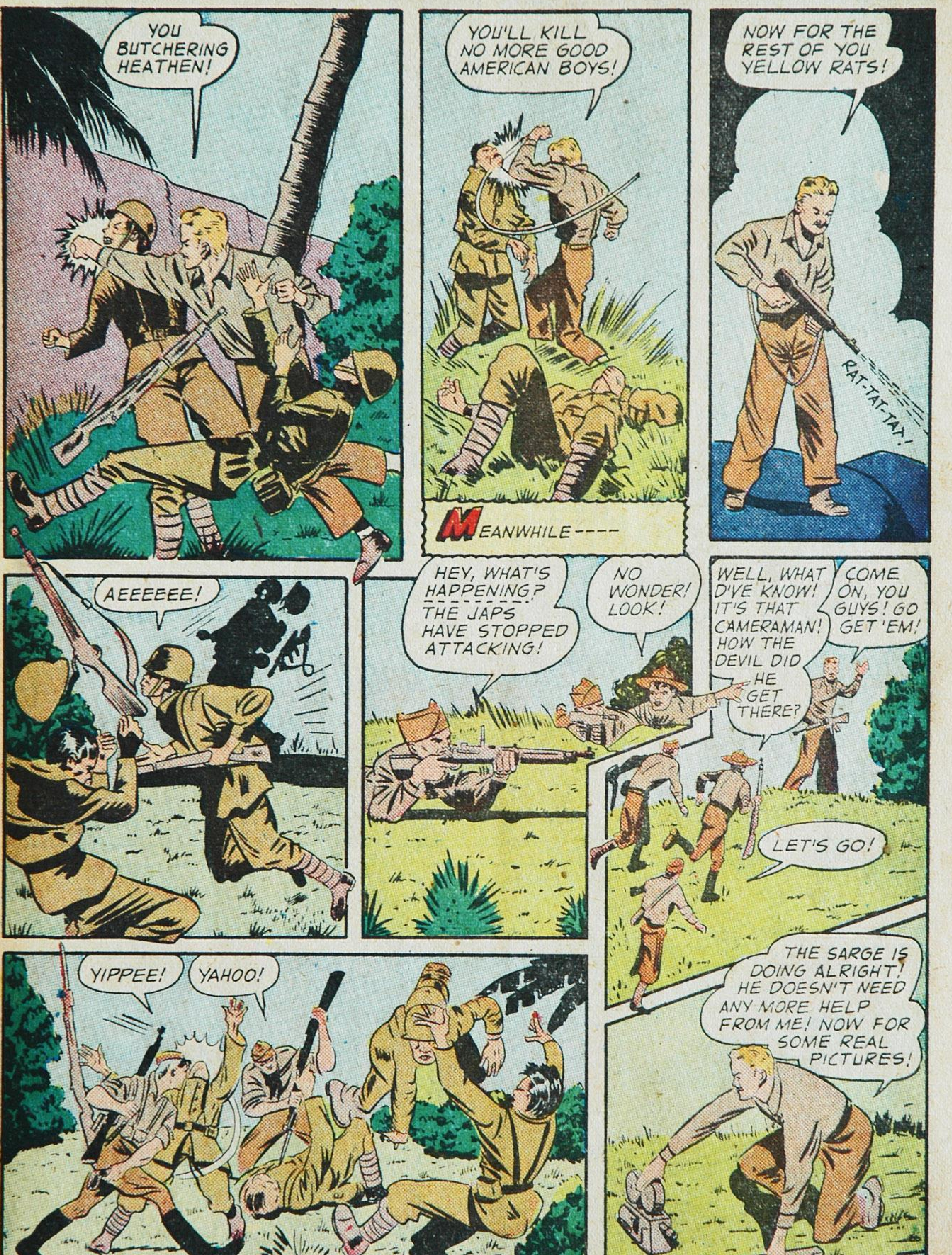

Sergeant DIX
...AND SO THROUGH THE STARK HEROISM OF **SERGEANT DIX**, THE JAP POCKET OF RESISTANCE IN THE SUNDA ISLANDS IS WIPED OUT! THE ALLIES ARE NOW IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THIS STRATEGIC PACIFIC ISLAND!
WOW! WHAT A NEWSREEL!
SERGEANT DIX SHOULD GET THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL FOR THAT JOB! HE WAS THE REAL HERO OF THAT ACTION!
NEWSREEL
SERGEANT DIX WAS A HERO AND SO WERE ALL THOSE FIGHTING DOUGHBOYS--HEROES EVERY ONE!...,BUT THERE WAS YET ANOTHER HERO, UNTIL NOW UNSUNG! ...HE WASN'T A SOLDIER! HE DIDN'T CARRY A GUN! BUT HE DID AS MUCH TO WIN THAT PARTICULAR SCRAP AS ANY SOLDIER THERE!... HE WAS A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN! THIS IS A STORY ABOUT HIM!
A STORY WHICH GOES TO PROVE THAT HEADLINES DO NOT MAKE HEROES!

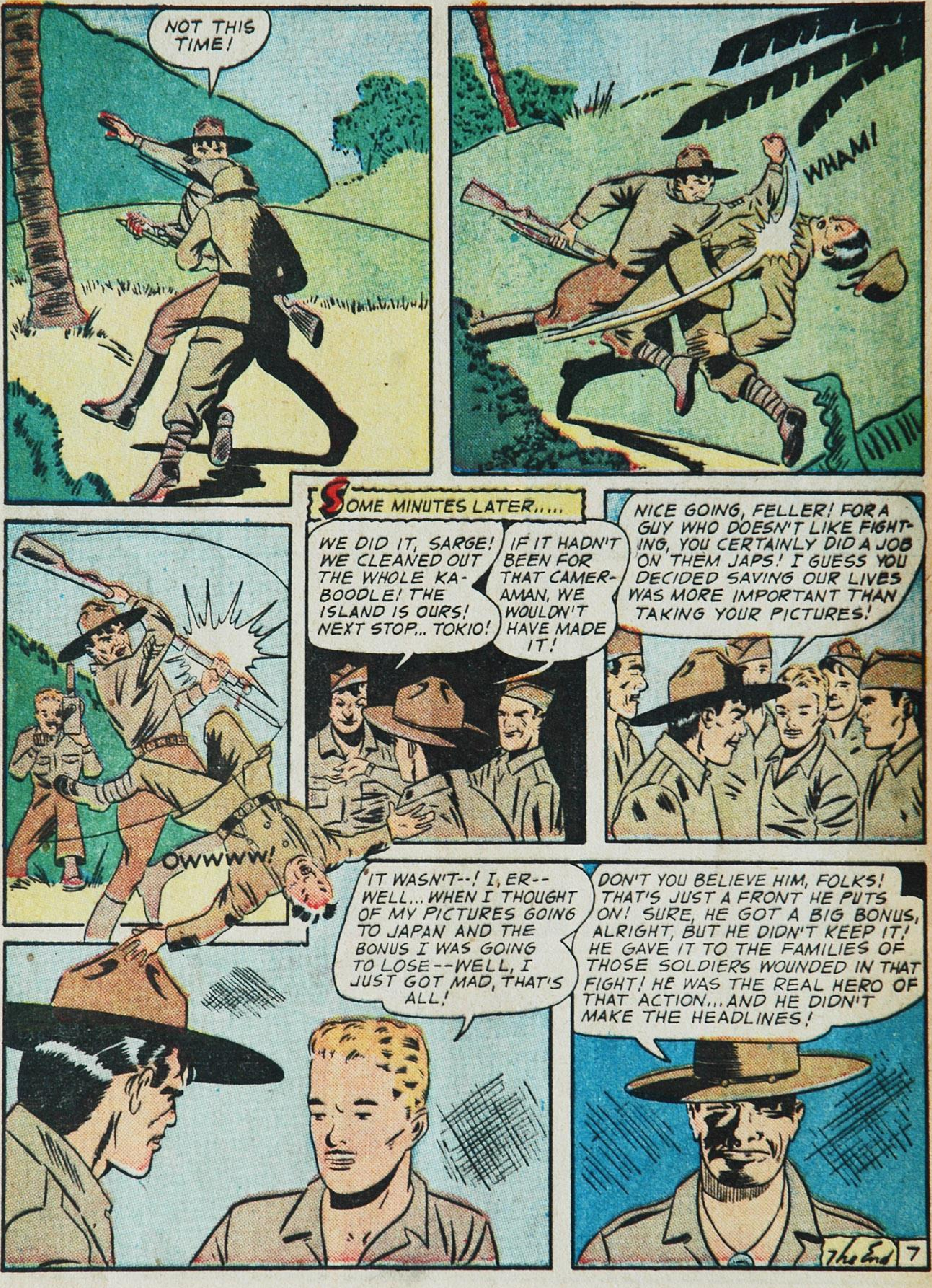

SUNDA, JAP HELD ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS ARE BATTLING TO OUST THE VICIOUS JAPS!
AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN ON THIS ISLAND, OUR ENTIRE SUPPLY ROUTE IS MENACED! WE'VE GOT TO DRIVE THEM OUT!
DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE DONE!
THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE, SIR! GIVE ME A DETAIL! WE'LL SLIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND SURPRISE THEM FROM THE REAR WHILE YOU KEEP THEM BUSY AT THIS END!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, SERGEANT! PICK YOUR MEN!
A SHORT TIME LATER AS THE DETAIL PREPARES TO LEAVE, AN UNSOLDIERLY-LIKE FIGURE WITH A CAMERA, JOINS THEM!
ALL SET, FELLERS?
SAY, WHERE D'YE THINK YOU'RE GOING?
YEAH, THIS IS A JOB FOR SOLDIERS, NOT NEWSREEL CAMERAMEN! BACK TO YOUR KNITTING PANTYWAIST!
DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T CATCH ME DOING ANY FIGHTING! THE ONLY SHOTS I'LL TAKE WILL BE NEWSREEL SHOTS OF YOU HEROES IN ACTION!
WHY, YOU! ...I'VE A GOOD MIND TO LET YOU HAVE IT!
SAVE IT FOR THE NIPS! HE CAN COME IF HE FEELS LIKE IT!
THANKS! YOU GUYS JUST DON'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU! AFTER ALL, IT IS MY NEWSREEL HEADLINES THAT REALLY MAKES YOU HEROES!
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT A MEDAL FOR THIS, TOO?
MEDALS! HAW! YOU CAN HAVE THEM! ALL I WANT IS A NICE FAT BONUS FOR MY PICTURES!

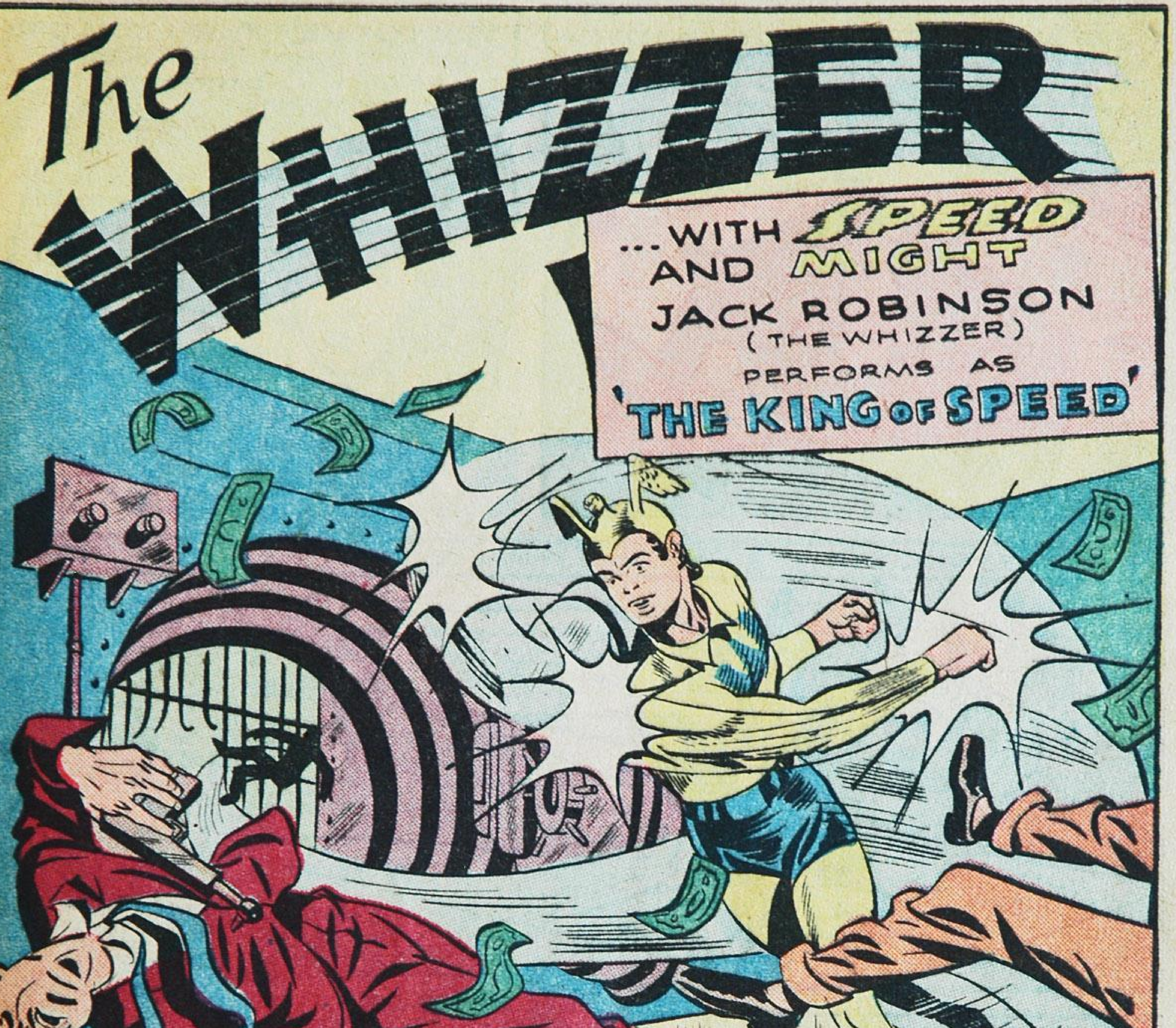

LOOK A NIP, SENTRY!
I'LL MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIM!
SILENT AS A SHADOW, DIX STEALS UP BEHIND THE JAP!
BOY! WHAT A SHOT!
........AND
GOT YOU!
UGHHHHH!
STICK TOGETHER, YOU GUYS! DON'T GET SEPARATED, IF OUR FORCE IS MASSED, WE WILL BE MORE EFFECTIVE! THEY'RE RIGHT AHEAD OF US!
UNDER COVER OF THE TENSION, THE CAMERAMAN CREEPS AWAY UNNOTICED.....
STICK TOGETHER, MY EYE! I'M GOING TO PICK ME A SPOT WHERE I CAN GET SOME REAL ACTION PICTURES OF THIS FIGHT!
AND SOME MINUTES LATER.....
SARGE! SARGE! THE CAMERAMAN IS GONE!
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO! MAYBE HE GOT LOST!
GOOD LORD! IF THE JAPS SEE HIM, WE'RE SUNK! LET'S HURRY!
BUT, AS THE CAMERAMAN PREPARES TO MAKE HIS PICTURES.....
THIS PLACE'LL DO FINE! I'D BETTER HURRY AND SET UP...... THINGS SHOULD START HAPPENING SOON!
US
3

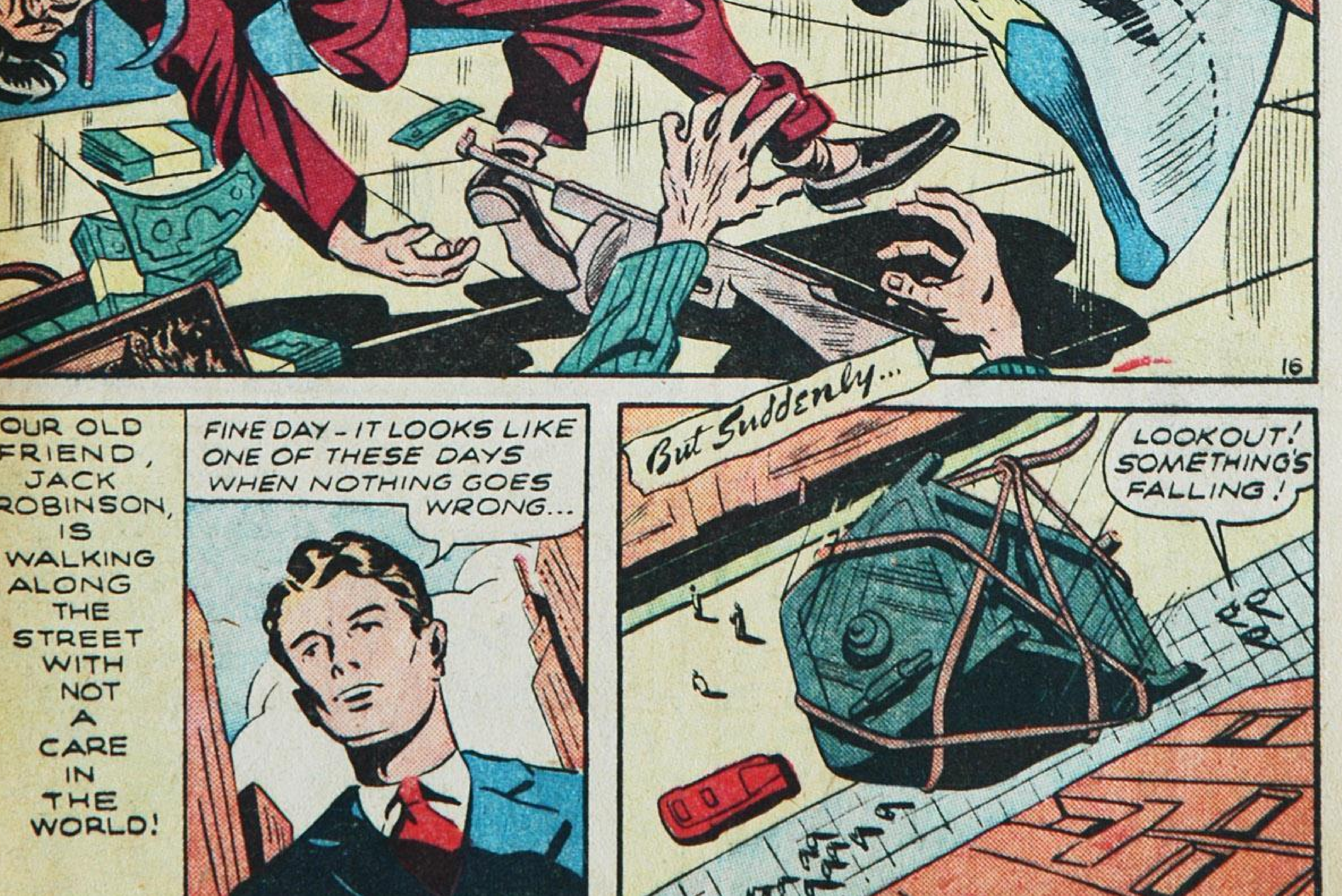

.....SUDDENLY....
PLEASE TO RAISE HANDS OR HAVE HEAD BLOWN OFF! AH! NOW MARCH!
WHA--!
EXCELLENCY! ME FIND THIS PIG OF A YANKEE CAMERAMAN BACK OF OUR LINES! THERE MUST BE OTHERS WITH HIM!
SO, THEY PLAN TO ATTACK US FROM THE REAR! VERY CLEVAH! BUT NOT CLEVAH ENOUGH!
ANSWER ME! HOW MANY MEN WERE WITH YOU?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW!
INSOLENT DOG! WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK!
IS NO MATTER! LET THEM COME! WE ARE READY! WE WILL SLAUGHTER THEM LIKE PEEGS!
WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE CAMERAMAN?
TAKE HIM WITH YOU! HE CAME TO TAKE PICTURES! LET HIM! ONLY THEY'LL BE OF AN AMERICAN DEFEAT, NOT VICTORY AND THEY'LL BE SHOWN IN JAPAN, INSTEAD OF AMERICA! HA! HA!
FOR ONCE THE YANKS WILL BE SURPRISED- INSTEAD OF US!
WHAT A MESS!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT SERGEANT DIX AND HIS MEN SWEEPS TO THE ATTACK!
COME ON, LADS! WE'LL SMASH THESE NIPS, BUT GOOD!

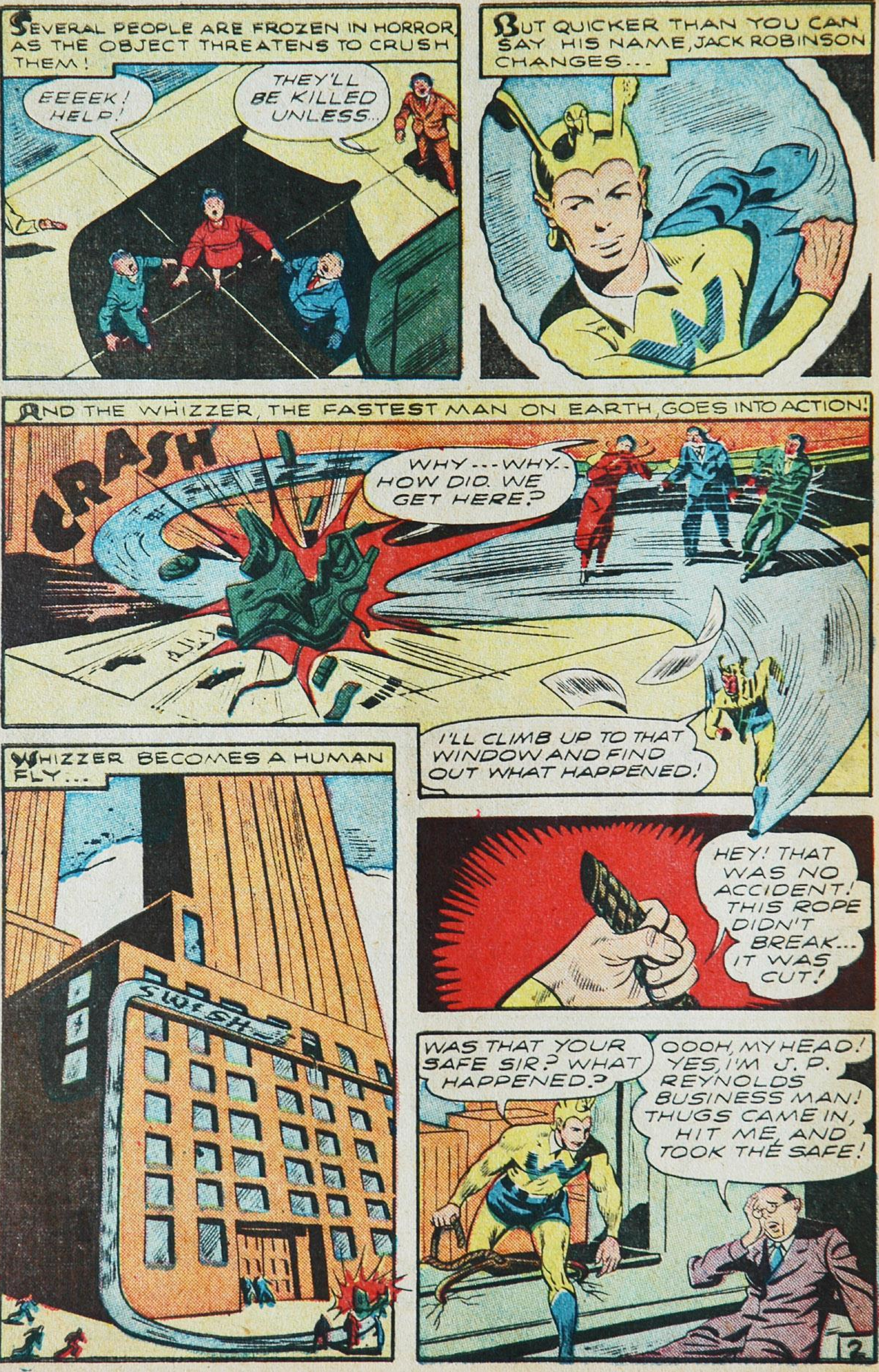

LOOK OUT, SARGE! A TRAP!
LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE EXPECTING US! THAT CAMERAMAN MUST HAVE TIPPED OUR HAND!
LOOK OUT! A JAP PINE-APPLE!
THE AMERICANS BATTLE FURIOUSLY, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!
RIGHT BACK AT YOU!
THEY'VE GOT US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED! WE'RE DONE FOR!
AT LEAST WE'LL DIE FIGHTING!
FORGOTTEN FOR A MOMENT BY HIS JAP GUARDS AS THEY WATCH THE BATTLE, THE CAMERAMAN DOES SOME HEAVY THINKING.........
THOSE YANKS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I WAS TOO CONCERNED WITH MY PICTURES! I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!
THEN WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING YELL, HE GOES INTO ACTION........
THANKS TO THAT STUPID CAMERAMAN, WE ARE SHOOTING THEM DOWN LIKE DOGS!

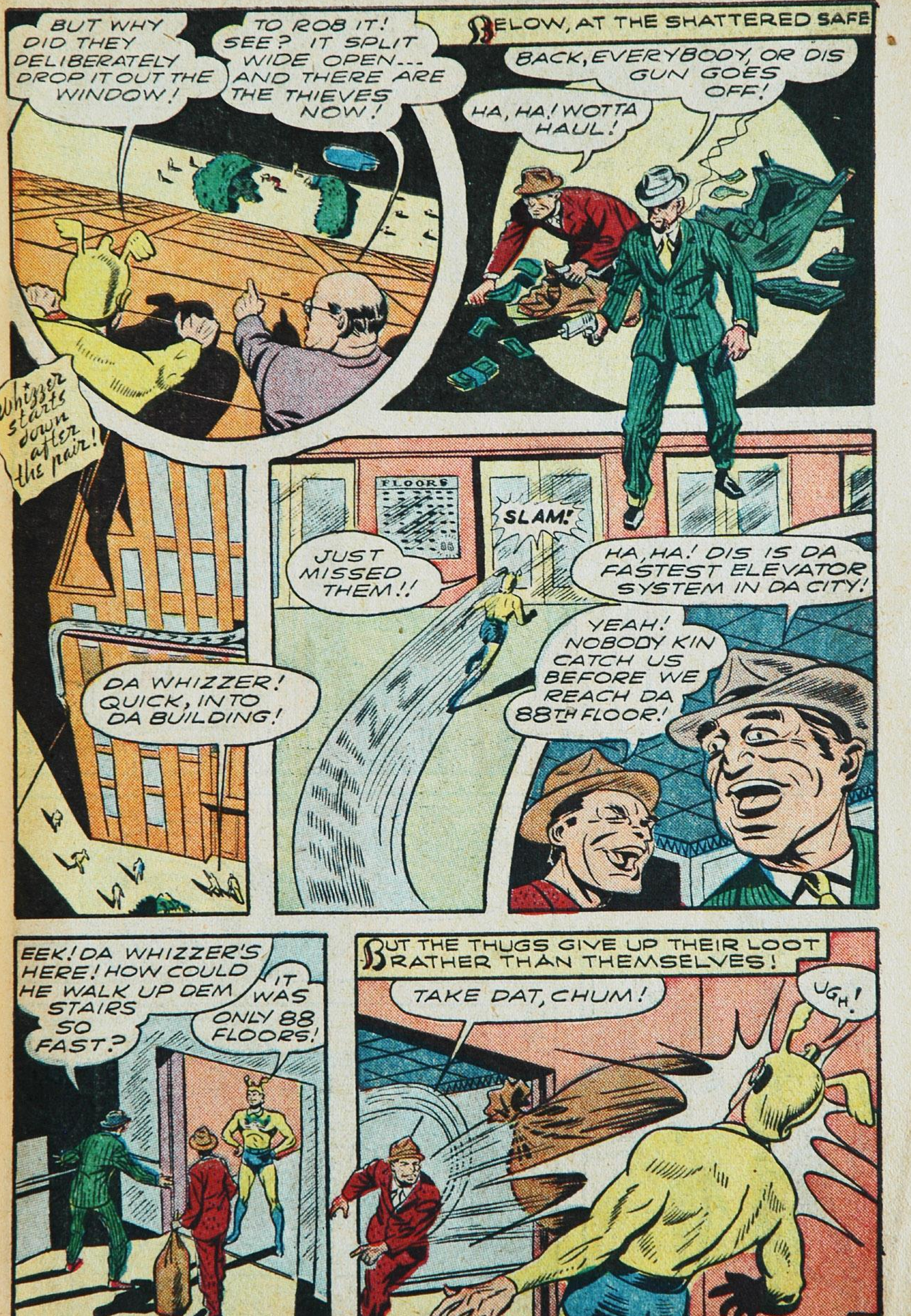

YOU BUTCHERING HEATHEN!
YOU'LL KILL NO MORE GOOD AMERICAN BOYS!
MEANWHILE----
NOW FOR THE REST OF YOU YELLOW RATS!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
AEEEEEE!
HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE JAPS HAVE STOPPED ATTACKING!
NO WONDER! LOOK!
WELL, WHAT D'YE KNOW! IT'S THAT CAMERAMAN! HOW THE DEVIL DID HE GET THERE?
COME ON, YOU GUYS! GO GET 'EM!
LET'S GO!
YIPPEE!
YAHOO!
THE SARGE IS DOING ALRIGHT! HE DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE HELP FROM ME! NOW FOR SOME REAL PICTURES!


NOT THIS TIME!
WHAM!
SOME MINUTES LATER.....
OWWWW!
WE DID IT, SARGE! WE CLEANED OUT THE WHOLE KABOODLE! THE ISLAND IS OURS! NEXT STOP... TOKIO!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT CAMERAMAN, WE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT!
NICE GOING, FELLER! FOR A GUY WHO DOESN'T LIKE FIGHTING, YOU CERTAINLY DID A JOB ON THEM JAPS! I GUESS YOU DECIDED SAVING OUR LIVES WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN TAKING YOUR PICTURES!
IT WASN'T--! I, ER-- WELL... WHEN I THOUGHT OF MY PICTURES GOING TO JAPAN AND THE BONUS I WAS GOING TO LOSE--WELL, I JUST GOT MAD, THAT'S ALL!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, FOLKS! THAT'S JUST A FRONT HE PUTS ON! SURE, HE GOT A BIG BONUS, ALRIGHT, BUT HE DIDN'T KEEP IT! HE GAVE IT TO THE FAMILIES OF THOSE SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THAT FIGHT! HE WAS THE REAL HERO OF THAT ACTION... AND HE DIDN'T MAKE THE HEADLINES!
The End
7

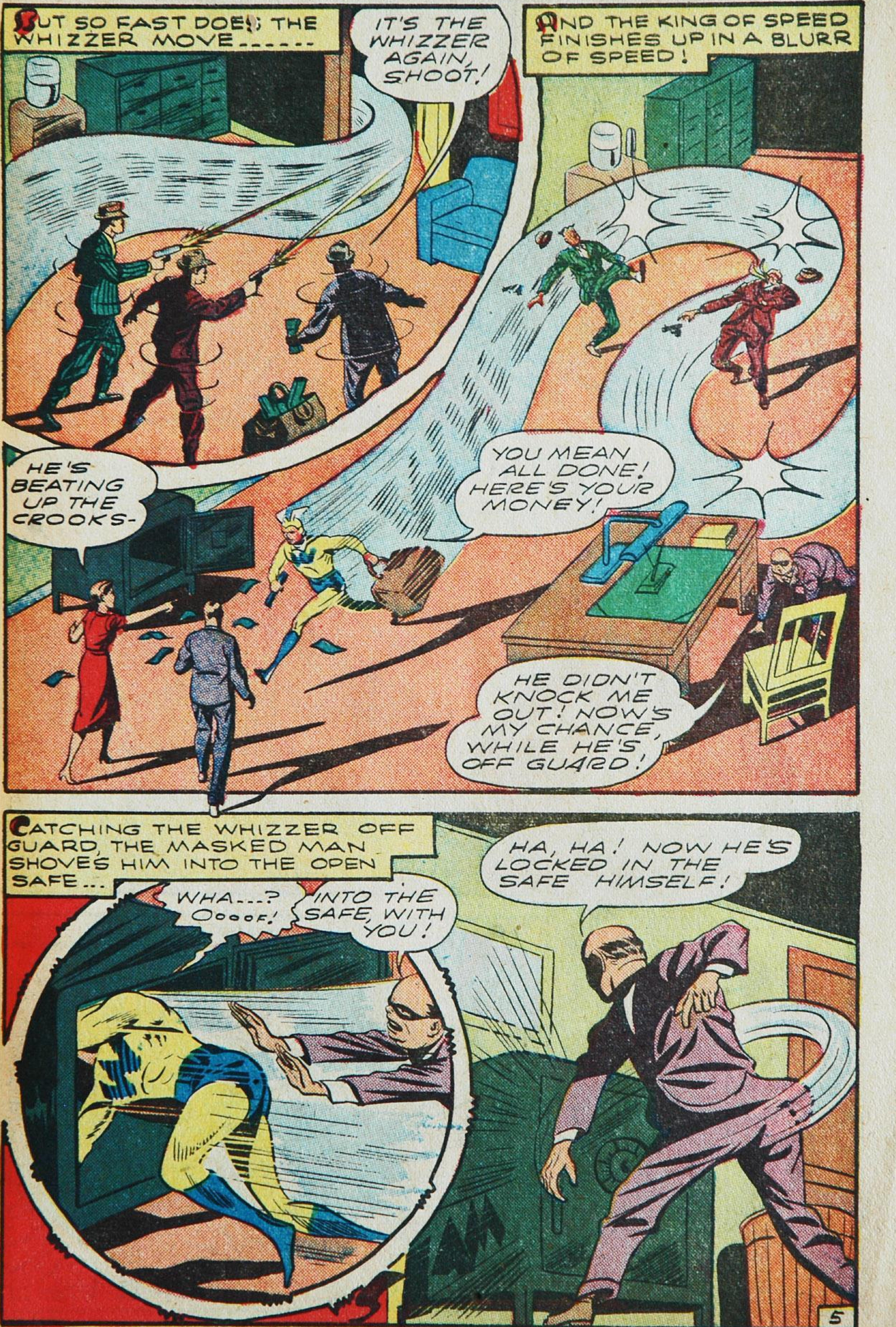

The WHIZZER
...WITH SPEED AND MIGHT JACK ROBINSON (THE WHIZZER) PERFORMS AS 'THE KING OF SPEED'
16

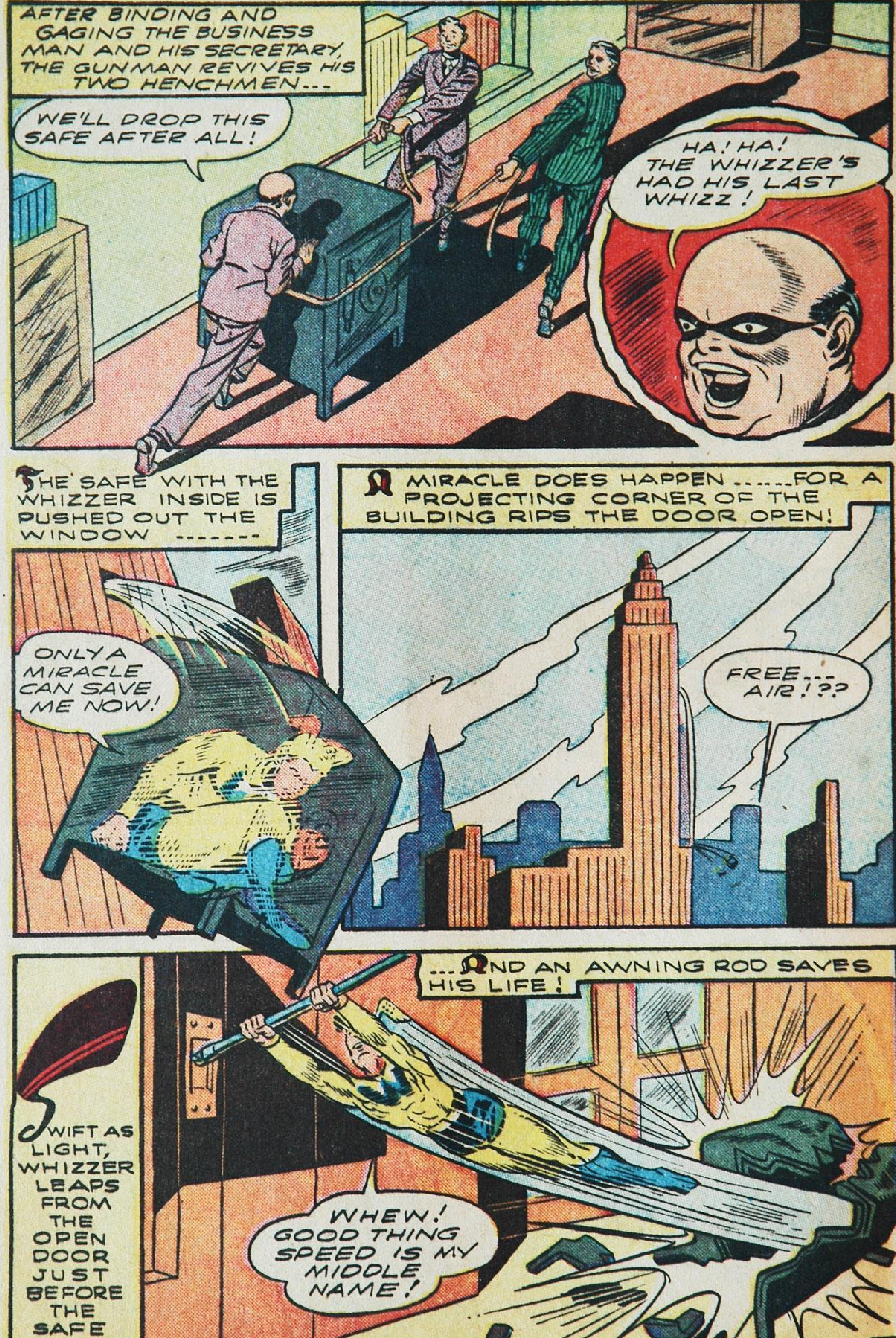

OUR OLD FRIEND, JACK ROBINSON, IS WALKING ALONG THE STREET WITH NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD!
FINE DAY - IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THESE DAYS WHEN NOTHING GOES WRONG...
But Suddenly...
LOOKOUT! SOMETHING'S FALLING!

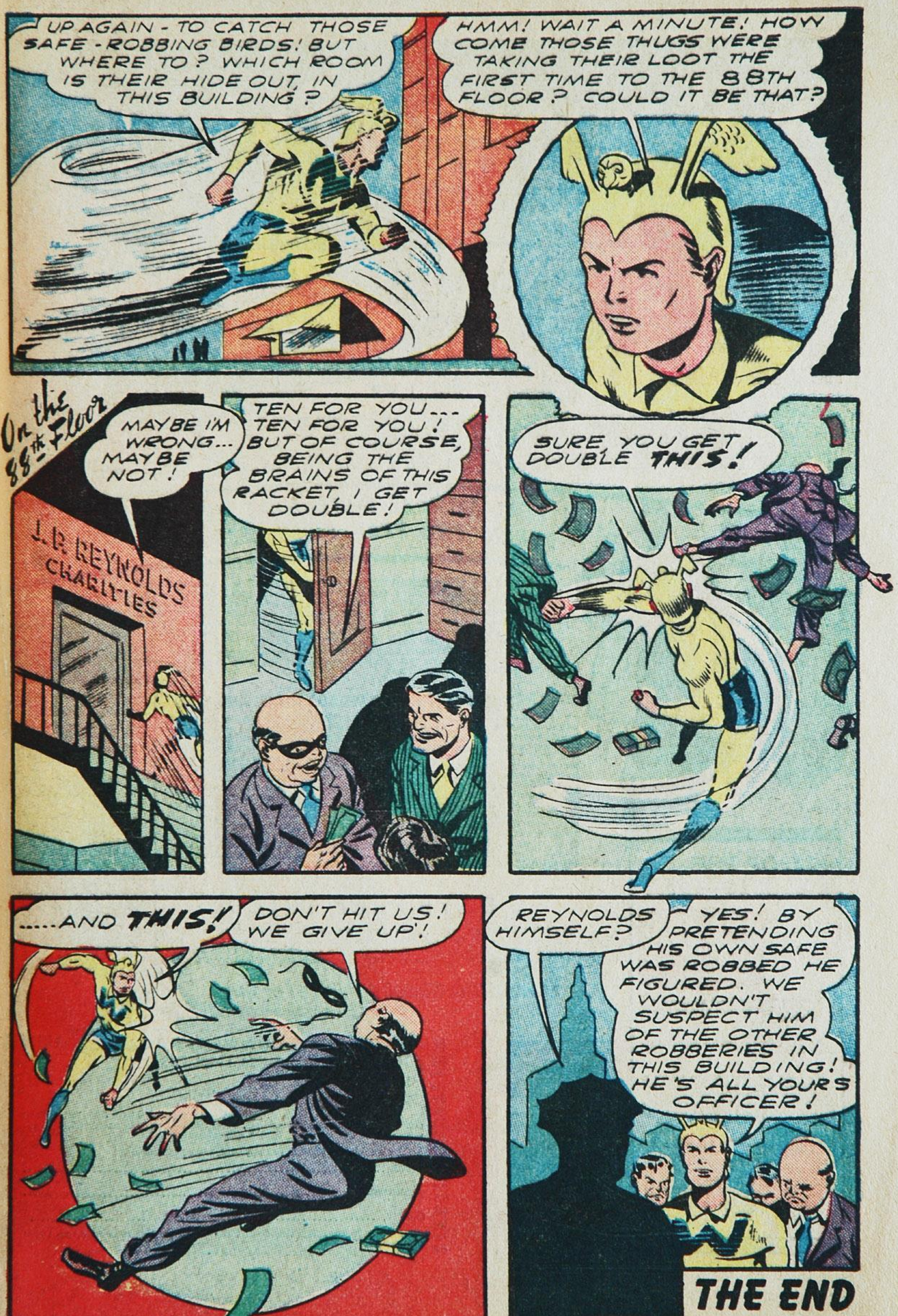

SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE FROZEN IN HORROR AS THE OBJECT THREATENS TO CRUSH THEM!
EEEEK! HELP!
THEY'LL BE KILLED UNLESS...
BUT QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY HIS NAME, JACK ROBINSON CHANGES...
AND THE WHIZZER, THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH, GOES INTO ACTION!
CRASH
WHY---WHY. HOW DID WE GET HERE?
I'LL CLIMB UP TO THAT WINDOW AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!
WHIZZER BECOMES A HUMAN FLY...
SWISH
HEY! THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! THIS ROPE DIDN'T BREAK... IT WAS CUT!
WAS THAT YOUR SAFE SIR? WHAT HAPPENED?
OOOH, MY HEAD! YES, I'M J. P. REYNOLDS BUSINESS MAN! THUGS CAME IN, HIT ME, AND TOOK THE SAFE!


BUT WHY DID THEY DELIBERATELY DROP IT OUT THE WINDOW!
TO ROB IT! SEE? IT SPLIT WIDE OPEN... AND THERE ARE THE THIEVES NOW!
BELOW, AT THE SHATTERED SAFE
BACK, EVERYBODY, OR DIS GUN GOES OFF!
HA, HA! WOTTA HAUL!
Whizzer starts down after the pair!
DA WHIZZER! QUICK, INTO DA BUILDING!
FLOORS
SLAM!
JUST MISSED THEM!!
HA, HA! DIS IS DA FASTEST ELEVATOR SYSTEM IN DA CITY!
YEAH! NOBODY KIN CATCH US BEFORE WE REACH DA 88TH FLOOR!
EEK! DA WHIZZER'S HERE! HOW COULD HE WALK UP DEM STAIRS SO FAST?
IT WAS ONLY 88 FLOORS!
BUT THE THUGS GIVE UP THEIR LOOT RATHER THAN THEMSELVES!
TAKE DAT, CHUM!
UGH!

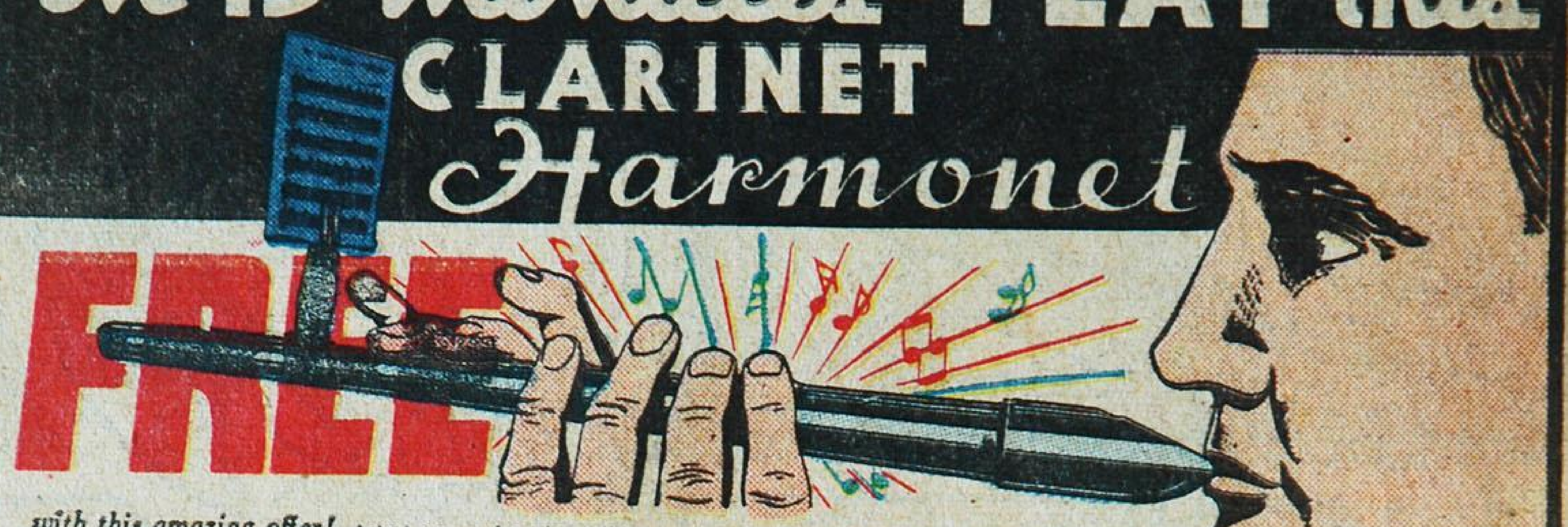
DOGGONE! THEY GOT AWAY, NOW I WON'T KNOW WHICH FLOOR THEY STOP AT!
ANY WAY, I HAVE YOUR STOLEN MONEY BACK, MR. REYNOLDS..
OH THANK YOU! I WAS JUST GOING TO DONATE ALL THIS MONEY TO POOR ORPHANS!
I HAVE AN IDEA THOSE BANDITS WILL TRY THEIR SAME TRICK IN THIS BUILDING AGAIN! THERE ARE A HUNDRED BUSINESSES HERE, ALL WITH PRIVATE SAFES FOR THEIR FUND!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO... EXAMINE EVERY FLOOR FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND CATCH 'EM RED HANDED!
MEANWHILE, IN A BUSINESS OFFICE ON THE 48TH FLOOR...
ROBBERS!
GRAB AIR, YOU!
HOW NICE OF YOU TO HAVE YOUR SAFE OPEN! WE WON'T HAVE TO DROP THIS ONE OUT OF THE WINDOW!
BUT THE WHIZZER ARRIVES, ON HIS ROUND.........
SMALL WORLD, ISN'T IT!


BUT SO FAST DOES THE WHIZZER MOVE------
IT'S THE WHIZZER AGAIN, SHOOT!
AND THE KING OF SPEED FINISHES UP IN A BLURR OF SPEED!
HE'S BEATING UP THE CROOKS-
YOU MEAN ALL DONE! HERE'S YOUR MONEY!
HE DIDN'T KNOCK ME OUT! NOW'S MY CHANCE, WHILE HE'S OFF GUARD!
CATCHING THE WHIZZER OFF GUARD, THE MASKED MAN SHOVES HIM INTO THE OPEN SAFE...
WHA...? Ooooof!
INTO THE SAFE, WITH YOU!
HA, HA! NOW HE'S LOCKED IN THE SAFE HIMSELF!


AFTER BINDING AND GAGING THE BUSINESS MAN AND HIS SECRETARY, THE GUNMAN REVIVES HIS TWO HENCHMEN...
WE'LL DROP THIS SAFE AFTER ALL!
HA! HA! THE WHIZZER'S HAD HIS LAST WHIZZ!
THE SAFE WITH THE WHIZZER INSIDE IS PUSHED OUT THE WINDOW -------
ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW!
A MIRACLE DOES HAPPEN ......FOR A PROJECTING CORNER OF THE BUILDING RIPS THE DOOR OPEN!
FREE... AIR!??
SWIFT AS LIGHT, WHIZZER LEAPS FROM THE OPEN DOOR JUST BEFORE THE SAFE CRASHES
...AND AN AWNING ROD SAVES HIS LIFE!
WHEW! GOOD THING SPEED IS MY MIDDLE NAME!
6


UP AGAIN - TO CATCH THOSE SAFE-ROBBING BIRDS! BUT WHERE TO? WHICH ROOM IS THEIR HIDE OUT, IN THIS BUILDING?
HMM! WAIT A MINUTE! HOW COME THOSE THUGS WERE TAKING THEIR LOOT THE FIRST TIME TO THE 88TH FLOOR? COULD IT BE THAT?
On the 88th Floor
MAYBE I'M WRONG... MAYBE NOT!
J. P. REYNOLDS CHARITIES
TEN FOR YOU... TEN FOR YOU! BUT OF COURSE, BEING THE BRAINS OF THIS RACKET, I GET DOUBLE!
SURE, YOU GET DOUBLE THIS!
.....AND THIS!
DON'T HIT US! WE GIVE UP!
REYNOLDS HIMSELF?
YES! BY PRETENDING HIS OWN SAFE WAS ROBBED HE FIGURED. WE WOULDN'T SUSPECT HIM OF THE OTHER ROBBERIES IN THIS BUILDING! HE'S ALL YOURS OFFICER!
THE END

in 15 minutes-PLAY this CLARINET Harmonet



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The amazing part of the CLARINET HARMONET. is that it is a genuine musical instrument . . . yet, you can play it during the very first lesson even if you have had no previous musical knowledge. More surprising is the fun and popularity that will follow you when you play this CLARINET HARMONET.. You will be sought everywhere and gain friends. You will find this musical instrument a tonic for happiness, a companion to while away time that now seems to hang heavy when you are alone . . . you'll play real music . . . real songs and you will play by ear or from notes. The CLARINET HARMONET. is actually played and not hummed through, but it is so easy to master, you will be astonished. When you've mastered this instrument, you've learned the basic fingering of the Saxaphone, Clarinet and Flute.

JUST REMEMBER THE TWO WORDS "BAG" AND "FED" —THAT EASY Sounds simple, doesn't it? and it is! We have worked out a course of instructions so simple that even if you never could read a note of music before, you will play the CLARINET HARMONET. correctly from music. With this copyrighted feature, you just remember two simple words, which are "BAG" and "FED." If you know the alphabet from A to G, or can count from 1 to 7, and we are sure you do, you can play the CLARINET HARMONET. You master the fingering of the holes by a simplified number system. Before you know it, your CLARINET HARMONET. produces flute-like musical notes . . . all sharps and flats are playable so as to bring out professional-like musical melodies.

Thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or instrumental pieces can be played easily and quickly by following the simple fast-moving instructons. You begin your first lesson by playing the patriotic song "America," and after a few moments of learning the fingering you can go on from there playing any popular piece . . . we also show you how to mark songs for easy CLARINET HARMONET. playing. Everything is included. It's light and portable. There is nothing else to buy but ACT AT ONCE because this offer is LIMITED.

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You don't risk a single cent . . . no indeed! We are positive you will be satisfied. We are confident you will never part with this CLARINET HARMONET. for double the price . order yours today and try it for 5 days and if you are not 100% delighted, but we are sure you will be, return it and we will refund your $1.98 at once.

SCHOOLS & GROUPS ***Write for our Special Proposition***

So easy to play well!

You too can play the HARMONET. It's EASY . . . it's EDUCATIONAL . . . it's FUN.

Why many music educators prefer the HARMONET.

- The HARMONET is chromatic, with a two octave range.
- The HARMONET. equipped with a thumb rest like that of the clarinet and saxaphone.
- The HARMONET has ridges between the fingering holes to guide the fingers in finding and covering the holes.
- The HARMONET holes are closely and evenly spaced so that even a child can reach them.
- The HARMONET. mouthpiece is adjustable making it possible to tune the instrument to the piano.
- The HARMONET. music holder is attachable right to the instrument.
- The HARMONET a "C" instrument and can be played with the piano.

Rush coupon now!

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED—ONLY

$1.98

Here you will find listed all that is included with this amazing musical instrument value.

No. 1—You get a regular-sized CLARINET HARMONET.

No. 2—In addition, you also receive a full instruction course. This course is written in easy-to-understand language. It is fast-moving and not in the least bit complicated. It helps you to play quickly and correctly in a professional-like manner.

No. 3—We also include 8 popular songs which will be marked by our arranger for instant CLARINET HARMONET playing. These songs sell for 35 cents a copy, making the 8 of them total a value of $2.80. All in all, we are giving you over $5.00 worth at the bargain price of $1.98 plus postage, but you must ACT AT ONCE because this offer may be withdrawn.

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Sign your name and address to coupon and rush it to us. Give the postman $1.98 plus postage upon delivery or send $2.00 now and we pay postage. ACT AT ONCE.

Popular Music League, Dept. 703
Box 214
Rockville Centre, Long Island, N. Y.

Send me at once C.O.D. CLARINET HARMONET along with instructions and 8 popular songs. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied after five days trial, I will return for refund.

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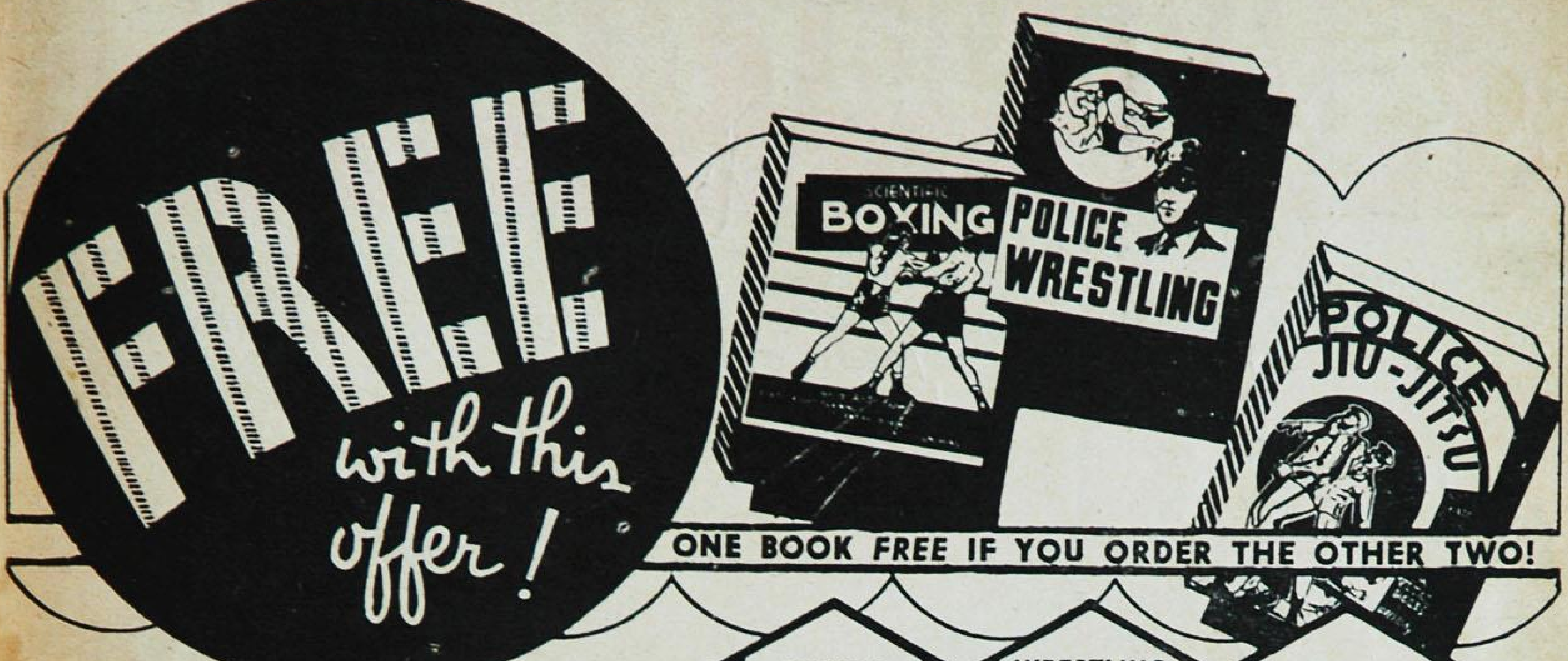

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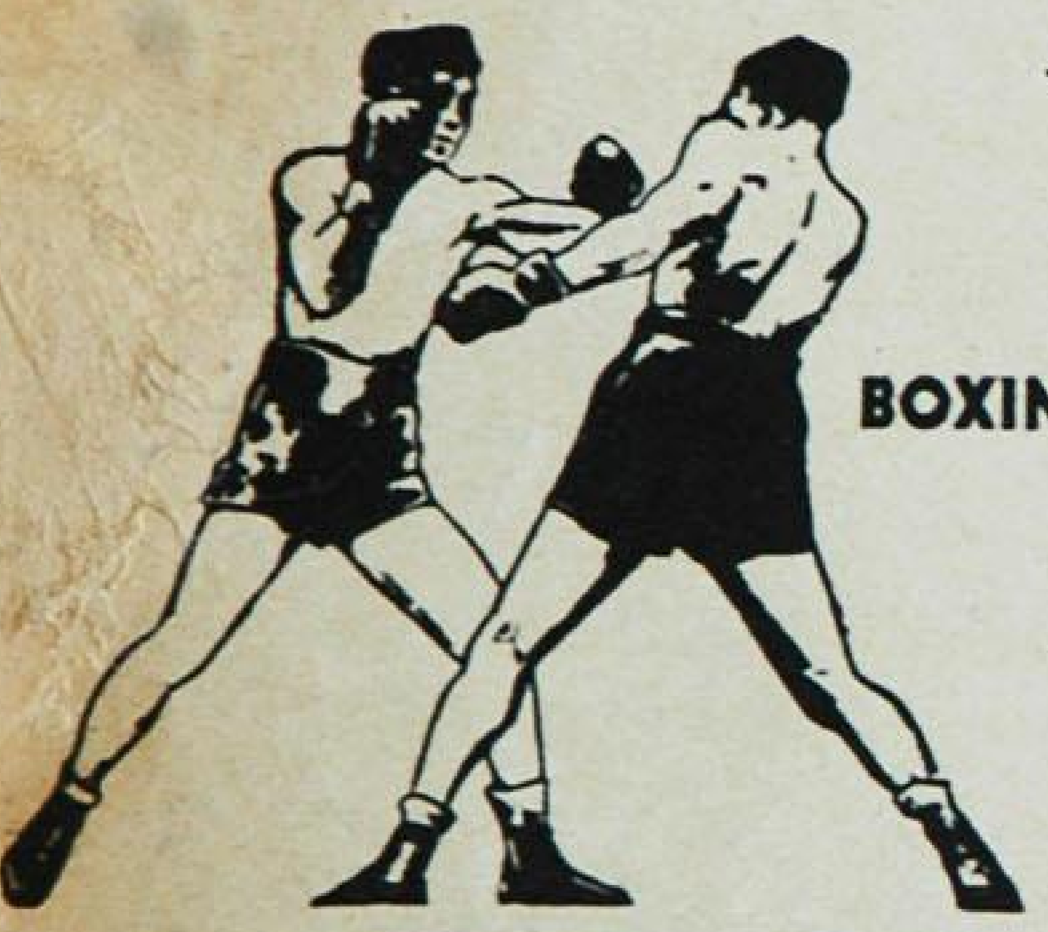

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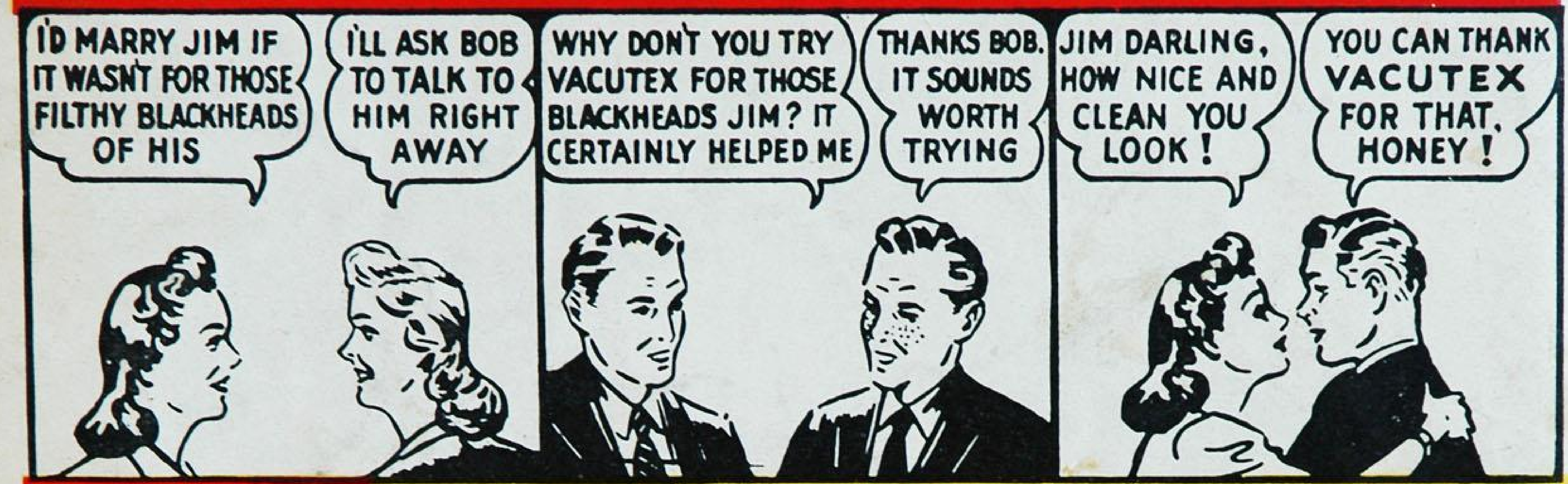
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WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
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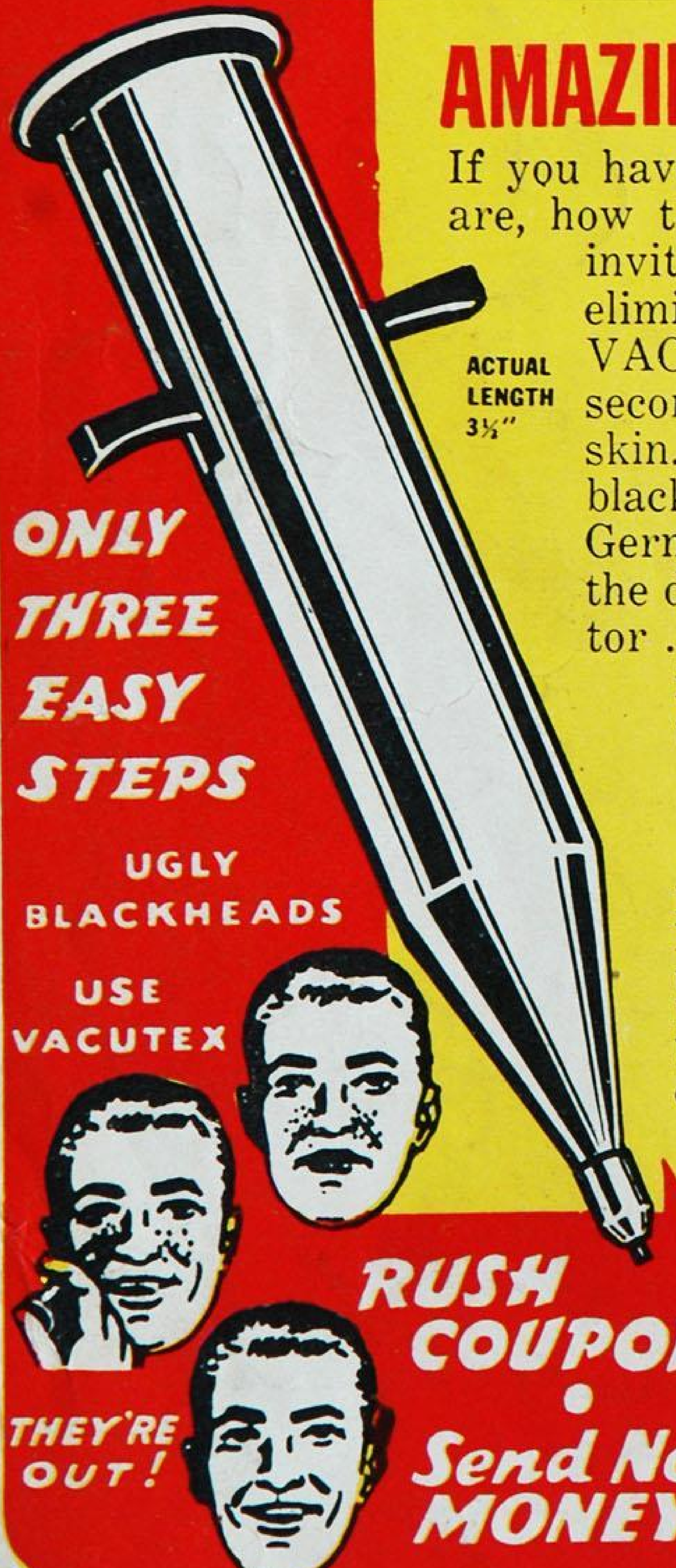
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